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JANE WELSH CARLYLE keeps her heart up with Guinness

Chelsea
Thursday, August 5th, 1852

I... resolved *not* to stay all day and night at Frome, but to take a Yeovil coach, which started at five and which would take me, I was told, to a wayside inn within eight miles of Sherborne, and there I hoped to find a fly "*or something*". Meanwhile I would proceed to the town of Frome, a mile from the station, and get something to eat, and even drink, "feeling it my duty" to keep my heart up by all needful appliances. I left my little bag at the station, where the coach came, and set my dog quite free, and we pursued our way as calmly and naturally as if we had known where we were going.

... I saw several inns, and chose "The George" for its name's sake. I walked in and asked to have some cold meat and a pint bottle of Guinness's porter. They brought me some cold lamb... I ate bread, however, and drank all the porter.

From "*Jane Welsh Carlyle — A New Selection of her Letters*" (arranged by Trudy Bliss), p. 229.

MRS. CARLYLE'S lively epistolary style is a good index of her vigorous and independent personality. She was certainly undaunted by the sequence of precarious connexions then involved in a cross country journey (relying for the last eight miles on "a fly, or something").

Journeys of this sort must have made Guinness doubly welcome to the traveller, especially in August. Bread and Guinness, as Mrs. Carlyle found, is at all times almost a meal in itself. 'Porter', incidentally, seems to have been used loosely for 'stout', and it was probably with Guinness's Stout that she kept her heart up.

Stone bottles, like the one in the picture, were in general use for Guinness and other bottled brews, until about the middle of the 19th Century.



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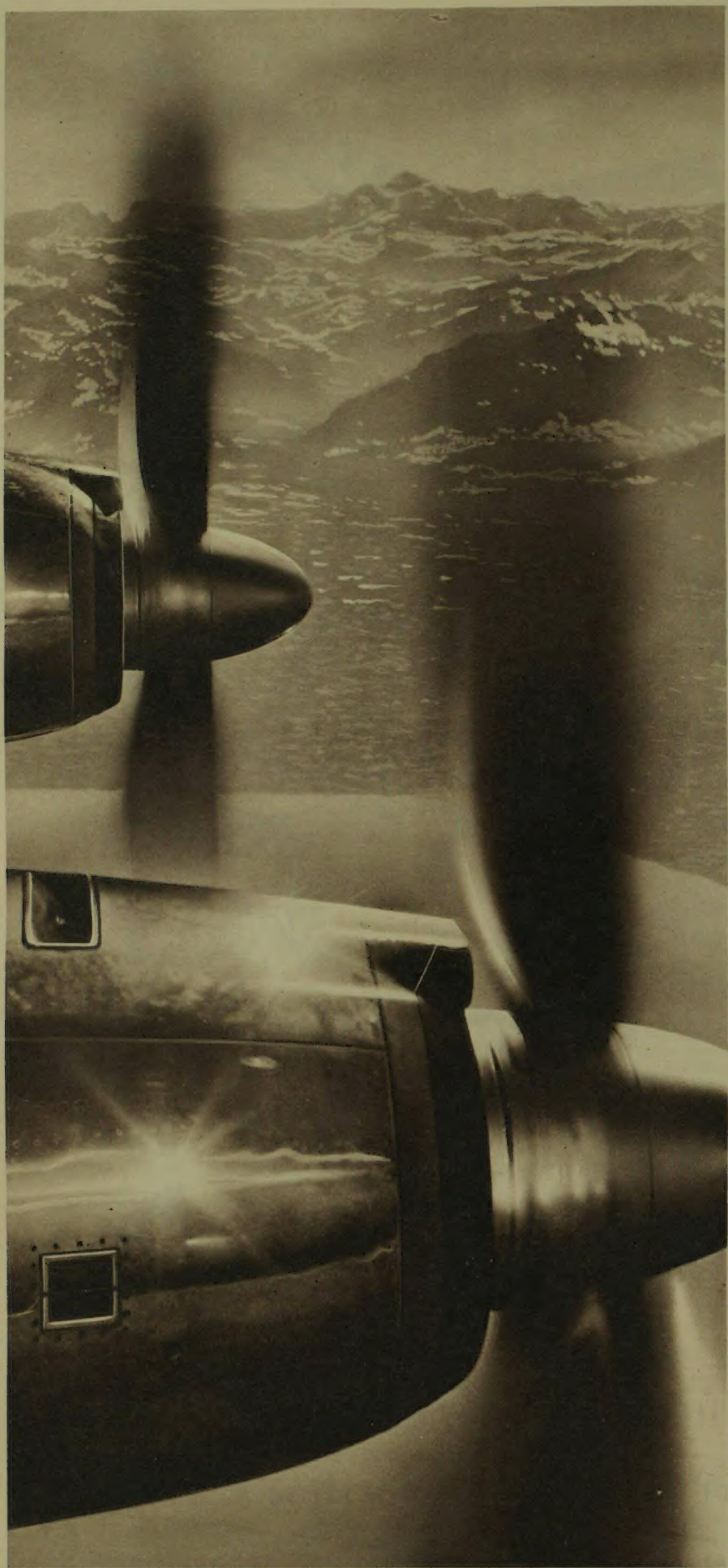
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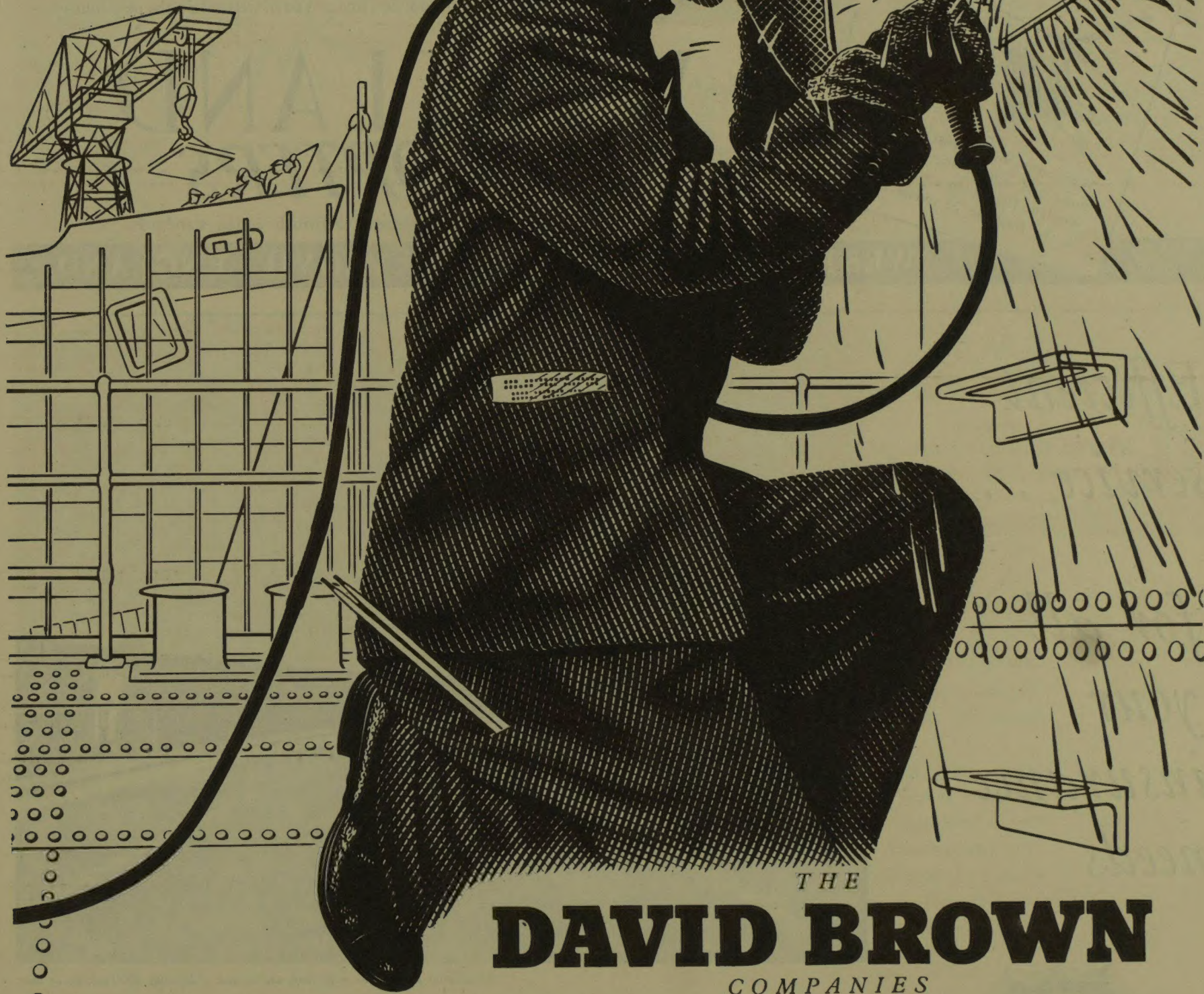
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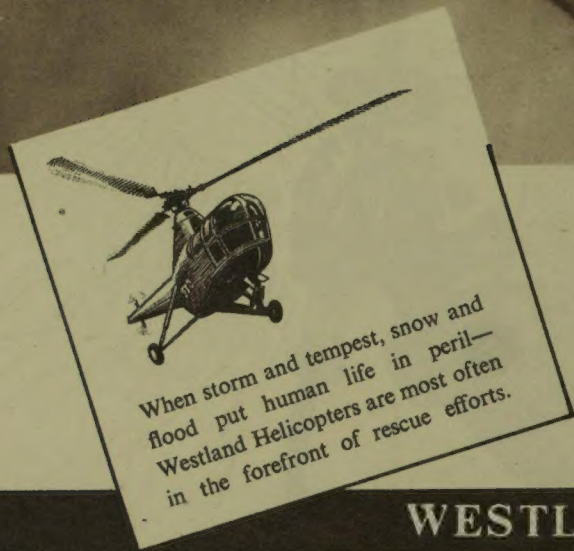
Beyond their immediate preparation for the announced South Bank to London Airport Helicopter Service, by British European Airways using Westland S-55 machines, Westland are preparing to make far larger Helicopters.

Westland accept that this route-development must eventually call for multi-engined machines of upwards of thirty seat capacity. Westland Helicopters of this size are now envisaged as coming off the production line at Yeovil well within the next four years.

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MARCH

NO STORYTELLER HE

When Snellius, on a March day in 1617, published his invention of triangulation, he did it in a way which caused, except among specialists, widespread apathy. Then and since. It was his own fault. Snellius omitted that *sine qua non* of early scientific discovery. He forgot to give the Press a good story. Every schoolboy knows about Archimedes, how he discovered the principle of somethingorother in his bath, and jumped out yelling "Eureka! I've got it!" Every schoolgirl knows about the apple that fell on the head of Isaac Newton. Gravity. Benjamin Franklin, the kite and the key. Electricity. Watt and the kettle in his mother's kitchen. Steam. All these deathless inventions are deathless because the inventors had the sense, or the luck, (a) to answer abstruse scientific problems at homely moments, (b) to give the story to the Press and history books. Snellius, poor chap, didn't invent triangulation in his bath, in an orchard, in a thunderstorm, or while waiting for a cup of his mother's tea. Any early seventeenth-century Public Relations Counsellor could have helped him put on a show. But Snellius, a lone wolf mathematician, preferred to go it alone. Which is why *you* don't know even now, who Snellius was and what triangulation is and how they came together.

The Midland Bank confesses that its interest in triangulation is small. It has other things to think about—chief among them being the constant provision of a prompt and courteous banking service at more than 2,100 branches throughout England and Wales.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 5, 1955.



TRAVELLING DOWN THE RIO GRANDE ON HER LAST DAY IN JAMAICA: H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, ACCOMPANIED BY LADY FOOT, ON A BAMBOO RAFT STEERED BY MR. RED GRANT, THE RIVER'S OLDEST BOATMAN.

On February 23, her last full day in Jamaica, Princess Margaret made one of the most unusual and memorable journeys of her tour when she shot the rapids of the Rio Grande. The Princess, who was accompanied by Lady Foot, wife of Sir Hugh Foot, the Governor of Jamaica, sat on a chair anchored on a 34-ft.-long bamboo raft. At the bow stood Mr. Red Grant, a famous character who has been steering rafts down the river since the beginning of the century. Immediately ahead of

the royal raft was another with the police commissioner on it, who was in touch by radio with shore police. Other rafts followed behind, with members of the Royal party. Princess Margaret wore a green dirndl skirt and matching blouse for the river journey, which took one-and-a-half hours. Earlier in the day Princess Margaret had driven from Kingston to Sanson, about sixty miles from Port Antonio. She stopped on the way at Morant Bay, where she opened a new hospital.



IN ST. KITTS: PRINCESS MARGARET PLANTING A TREE IN THE GROUNDS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WITH (LEFT) THE GOVERNOR, SIR KENNETH BLACKBURNE (OVER TOP-HAT).



THE PRINCESS IN JAMAICA: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, WHO PLANTED A TREE IN THE GROUNDS AFTER TOURING THE DENBIGH AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL ON FEBRUARY 22.



ACKNOWLEDGING HER ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION BY THE HUGE CROWDS: THE PRINCESS AT MANDEVILLE, JAMAICA, ON FEBRUARY 22, WHERE SHE VISITED A BAUXITE PLANT.



AT THE STATE HALL AT THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF THE WEST INDIES: (L. TO R.) THE EARL OF ATHLONE, PRINCESS MARGARET, PRINCESS ALICE, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY, H.E. THE GOVERNOR (BEHIND) AND LADY FOOT.



LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL, SPANISH TOWN, WHERE SHE ATTENDED DIVINE SERVICE ON FEBRUARY 20: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO WAS MET BY THE LORD BISHOP OF JAMAICA.



AT THE RACES AT KNUTSFORD PARK, JAMAICA, WHICH SHE ATTENDED ON FEBRUARY 19: PRINCESS MARGARET IN CONVERSATION WITH A COLOURED JOCKEY.



PRINCESS MARGARET IN NASSAU, BAHAMAS: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS RANFURLY AND LADY RANFURLY.



SEATED ON THE DAIS BETWEEN H.E. THE GOVERNOR, LORD RANFURLY AND LADY RANFURLY.



WATCHING A REGATTA: PRINCESS MARGARET (CENTRE) WITH (LEFT; DARK GLASSES) LADY RANFURLY, AND (FOREGROUND; SEATED) H.E. THE GOVERNOR.



ACCEPTING FROM THE COMPOSER A RECORDING OF A CALYPSO WRITTEN IN HER HONOUR: PRINCESS MARGARET AT A FLOODLIT GARDEN-PARTY.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ENTERTAINED BY THE JAMAICA REGIMENT AT BLUE MOUNTAIN INN: LADY ELIZABETH CAVENDISH, BRIGADIER R. C. S. HALL, THE GOV., THE PRINCESS, LIEUT.-COLONEL F. J. DALY, AND MRS. HALL (L. TO R.).



WEARING A BLOUSE AND SKIRT ADORNED WITH JAMAICAN MOTIFS: THE PRINCESS AT THE BARBECUE PARTY WHICH SHE ATTENDED AT MANDEVILLE, JAMAICA, ON FEBRUARY 22.



ACCEPTING A GIFT FROM A COLOURED BROWNIE AT MORANT BAY ON FEBRUARY 23: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHO OPENED AND NAMED A NEW HOSPITAL "PRINCESS MARGARET HOSPITAL" THAT DAY, DURING HER FIVE DAYS IN JAMAICA SHE FULFILLED A WIDE VARIETY OF ENGAGEMENTS.



LAYING A WREATH ON THE WAR MEMORIAL IN KING GEORGE VI PARK, KINGSTON: PRINCESS MARGARET ON FEBRUARY 18, THE DAY OF HER ARRIVAL IN JAMAICA.

LAST STAGES OF THE PRINCESS'S TRIUMPHANT TOUR: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS WELCOMED

Princess Margaret, whose Royal grace and charming personality have made an indelible impression at every point of her West Indian tour, was due to arrive in London last Thursday, March 3. The later stages of her journey included a one-day visit to St. Kitts, Leeward Islands, "mother colony" of the British West Indies, settled in 1623 by Sir Thomas Warner. It was sunny, though the sea was choppy, but the Princess stepped lightly ashore from the Royal barge on

arrival at Basseterre. During her visit presentations were made; she saw a sugar factory, drove round the island, attended a garden-party in Government House and planted a tree in memory of her visit, before embarking in the Royal yacht *Britannia* for the 1000-mile cruise to Jamaica. On arrival, she drove with the Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, to Kingston from Port Royal, and laid a wreath on the War Memorial. Later she received the Freedom of the City and was presented

IN ST. KITTS, "MOTHER COLONY" OF THE WEST INDIES, IN JAMAICA AND THE BAHAMAS.

with the keys by the Mayor. In a characteristically graciously phrased speech she said these "were a symbol of that heart-warming reception which the people of Kingston have already given me." On that afternoon she attended the races at Knutsford Park, and on Sunday went to early service at the Garrison Church and later attended matins in the Cathedral, Spanish Town; and in the evening was entertained by the Kingston Garrison at a private dinner at Blue Mountain

Inn. She also fulfilled such varied engagements as watching the military parade in honour of Jamaica's 300th anniversary; attending a State dinner and a ball at the University College of the West Indies, where she was received by the Chancellor, Princess Alice; opening and naming a new hospital; inspecting a bauxite plant and an agricultural school; attending a barbecue, a picnic supper, and a floodlit garden-party. She reached the Bahamas on February 26.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ONE of the most fascinating of all mental games is that of reconstructing the past. Often as I walk about London or travel through England, I find myself imagining what the scene before me must have looked like fifty years ago, and then a hundred years ago, and then perhaps two hundred, retaining those features—contours, buildings, rivers, trees—that exist to-day, and eliminating all others and replacing them by what I think must have been there then.

Up to, say, four centuries ago, this is comparatively easy. Before the Tudor period, when topographical drawings and private letters of a personal kind are very rare, it is exceedingly difficult, and much of it must remain guesswork. Yet our cathedrals and churches remain to tell us something of the major essentials of that age, and the meticulous work of a generation of great scholars has immeasurably enlarged our knowledge of mediæval England. And with their help it is possible to reconstruct the main lineaments of our country in even such a remote period as the thirteenth century. When, for instance, Edward I. returned, nearly 700 years ago, from the Crusade to take possession of his native kingdom, he landed in an island studded with castles, monasteries and small, walled cities. They symbolised the might and achievement of the three classes who ruled Christendom—two of them ancient and firmly established, the other still new and unsure of itself. Barons and knights, bishops, abbots and monks were the leading pieces on the chess-board of power, with, far below them in status but no longer in wealth, the merchant-burgesses of the rising trading-towns. From the stone castles the king's constables and sheriffs, and the greater feudal lords who were his tenants-in-chief, enforced the peace and common law which his judges administered. With their mounds and inner keeps, their wide, green baileys and encircling curtain-walls—growing ever taller with the advancing science of war—their moats, portcullises and barbicans, their wells and granaries, their stables, dungeons and crowded, noisy barracks, they represented an ultimate force that could only be challenged by an army with catapults and battering-rams and the ability to maintain itself for long periods in the field. Within their rush-strewn, tapestried halls and draughty stone-walled closets lived, in mingled splendour and discomfort, the French-speaking lords whose trained battle-horses, magnificently forged armour and hereditary skill in fighting from the saddle had given them two centuries of unchallenged ascendancy over the native peasant population.

Yet in England that ascendancy could only be exercised in association with the Crown—a power which no earl or baron could safely defy. Above the King, as he landed, towered the island's royal gateway, Dover, with its 20-ft.-thick walls and its vast rectangular keep built by Henry Plantagenet. Forty miles to the north-east, along the road to the capital, lay Rochester, guarding the passage of the Medway, where, sixty years before, the rebel barons had barred King John's march after Magna Carta. Rising above London's Roman wall stood the Conqueror's Tower, dominating the red-tile and thatch roofs of the City's little houses. Another thirty miles up the Thames, guarding yet another crossing, was the Royal stronghold of Windsor, beneath whose hill stretched the quiet water-meadows of Runnymede. Still higher up, where the river emerged from the Midland forests, lay the castles of Wallingford and Oxford.

Beyond them, ruling the sheep-walks and chalk downs of the west, lay other Royal keeps—Newbury, in the Kennet Valley, Marlborough, Devizes and Sarum on the ancient Plain, the fortresses of the Severn Valley, Berkeley, Bristol and Gloucester, and, in the Forest of Dean, looking towards the Welsh mountains, Chepstow and Monmouth. And along the Channel shore, protecting its anchorages and estuaries, stood Pevensey, Arundel and Porchester, Carisbrooke and Corfe, and, in the remote Celtic south-west, Exeter and Tremarton, Totnes and Restormel.

North of London were the fastnesses that ensured the King's peace in the East Anglian and Midland shires—the clay lands of the old

Anglo-Saxon settlements and the heart of the country's agricultural wealth. Colchester and Framlingham, Berkhamsted and Northampton, Lincoln and Newark had all played, and might play again, a decisive part in defending the realm from rebellion and invasion. Their control by the Crown was the sanction on which the supremacy of the law depended. No one knew this better than the King; he ruled by writ of castle. Eight years before, the possession of Kenilworth had enabled his father's foes to prolong their rebellion for many months. Since then, though the local lord's tower, rising above the trees, was everywhere part of the English landscape, the standards that flew over the masterpieces of the military engineer's art were those of the King and his kinsmen.

Only in the far north and in the west on the marches of Wales were there castles of the first rank in the hands of the feudal nobles. Here lay the strongholds of the Prince Bishop of Durham and the warrior lords of the Pennine dales, of the armed Marchers of Clun and Oswestry, Brecon, Radnor and Montgomery, Glamorgan and palatine Pembroke. The Clares at Cardiff and Caerphilly, and the Mortimers at Wigmore and Ludlow could still withstand a Royal army behind their walls. But in the face of the Welsh tribesmen, king and noble alike had an interest that needed no unifying sanction. They had to stand together or see their estates engulfed in pillage and massacre.

Yet England was not ruled only by keep and lance. Like all the kingdoms of the Roman west, she was swayed by an ideal whose symbol was the Cross, whose expression justice and whose repository the Church. In its name an international organisation, administering under its own laws nearly a third of the kingdom's landed wealth, owed prior allegiance, not to king or lord, but to Christ's vice-regent, the Pope. The great stone monasteries and cathedrals which spread, a cloud of visible grandeur, across England, and the parish churches whose smaller roofs and belfries rose above every village

and town, were as much the distinguishing features of the landscape as the castles and cities. Before the homecoming Crusader lay the familiar outlines of the shrines and temples—the realm's pride and glory—to which he had so often gone on pilgrimage with his father, and to which, like every prince of the age, he delighted to offer costly vessels of gold and silver, jewelled statues and crucifixes, splendid embroideries. Crowning his vision of England were Canterbury and Rochester, Westminster and Barking, St. Albans and Dunstable, Reading, Abingdon and Eynsham; the fenland monasteries of Peterborough and Ely, Crowland, Ramsay and Thorney; the great East Anglian shrines of Bury St. Edmunds, Norwich and, dearest of all, Our Lady of Walsingham, whose miraculous intervention was believed to have once saved him from a falling roof. Westwards lay Winchester, Romsey and Wimborne, Milton and Sherborne, Shaftesbury and Montacute, Wells, Glastonbury and Malmesbury; Gloucestershire's four mitred abbeys—Cirencester, Winchcombe, Gloucester and Tewkesbury—and, beyond, the golden houses of the Severn Valley

and Welsh border: Worcester, Pershore and Evesham, Malvern and Leominster, Tintern and Margam, Dieulacres, Valle Crucis and distant Chester. And in the far north, beyond Lincoln and Kirkstead and the forest abbeys of Rufford and Newstead, towered the lonely Cistercian houses of the Yorkshire wolds—Rievaulx and Byland, Fountains and Jervaulx, and the vast minsters of York and Durham.

"The value and pleasure of travel," our greatest living historian has written, "is doubled by a knowledge of history. For places, like books, have an interest or a beauty of association as well as an absolute or æsthetic beauty."* And nowhere is this more so than in one's own native land. Nor, in the whole world, is there anywhere where this pleasure can be so easily enjoyed as in this rich and fortunate island.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: REPRODUCTIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MARCH 3, 1855.



"SKATING IN THE REGENT'S CANAL TUNNEL."

"During the whole of last week, the canal from Regent's-park Basin to Paddington, presented a scene of much animation and bustle, from the number of skaters and sliders upon it. The illustration is taken from the Regent's-park end of the tunnel, through which the canal runs under Aberdeen-place and Maida-hill (about a quarter of a mile long), which throughout each day was traversed by hundreds of skaters, who went through and through, in imitation of express trains, with appropriate noises and whistlings, as of engines letting off the steam, etc. . . ."



"THE THAMES FROZEN OVER AT RICHMOND."

"Among the memorabilia of the recent frost was the freezing of the entire width of the River Thames at Richmond, which had not occurred for seventeen years. Many persons crossed the ice by two paths—one from opposite the villa of the Duke of Buccleuch, and the other just above the bridge, where the ice was much rougher; both paths were strewn with sand, for the safety of the passengers. Some of the Richmond skaters took advantage of the rare state of the river. . . . Our Artist has sketched the frozen Thames as seen through one of the arches of Paine's Bridge. . . ."



THE SNOW CAME FLYING: WINTER MAGIC AT THE OLD MILL OF DESS, ABERDEENSHIRE, TWENTY MILES FROM BRAEMAR.

Snow covers the hills and roof-tops, hugs the banks of the stream, and clings to the delicate tracery of leafless branches, giving this Aberdeenshire scene an austere beauty. It hardly conveys the savageness of the Highland winter of 1955. Following January's snowstorms, snowfall described as "phenomenal" and "the worst in living memory" blotted out most of Northern Scotland. Aberdeenshire suffered a snowfall of 19 ins., and temperatures at Braemar reached 13 degrees below zero, 45 degrees of frost, the lowest recorded there for sixty years. Snow-drifts up to 20 ft. were reliably reported, and nearly all schools in Caithness

and Sutherland were closed because pupils could not reach them. Three railway engines, equipped with snow-ploughs, formed a 340-ton battering-ram to clear the line from Inverness to Wick. They charged the main drift at full speed, and the plough drove through a blinding snowstorm and struck the drift at between 50 and 60 miles per hour, crashing the barrier and passing through the nine miles of blocked track in eleven minutes. It is believed that local administrations in the north of Scotland, who are responsible for the cost of road clearance, will be faced with a formidable bill when this winter ends.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



THE SIGNING OF THE MUTUAL DEFENCE TREATY AT BAGHDAD BY MINISTERS OF TURKEY AND IRAQ.

Our picture shows (from left to right) Mr. Fuad Koprulu, Turkish Foreign Minister; Mr. Adnan Menderes, Turkish Prime Minister; Mr. Nuri es-Said, Prime Minister of Iraq; and Mr. Burhan ud-Din Bashayan, Iraq's Deputy Foreign Minister, at the signing of the defence treaty between Iraq and Turkey on February 24. The British Government has warmly welcomed the agreement.



THE ROYAL JORDAN BETROTHAL: KING HUSSEIN AND HIS FIANCEE, PRINCESS DINA ABD-EL-HAMID AOUN.

The engagement of King Hussein of Jordan to his cousin, Princess Dina Abd-el-Hamid Aoun, was announced from the Royal Palace, Amman, on February 27. The Princess, daughter of Prince Abd-el-Hamid Aoun of Saudi Arabia, was born and brought up in Cairo, where she attended the English college of St. Clare's. She completed her education at Girton, Cambridge, taking her B.A. with honours.



THE MARRIAGE OF MR. ATTLEE'S SON: MR. M. R. ATTLEE AND HIS BRIDE, MISS A. B. HENDERSON.

The marriage of Mr. Martin Richard Attlee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Attlee, to Miss Anne Barbara Henderson, elder daughter of Mr. James Henderson and of Mrs. Henderson, was solemnised in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons on February 26. Guests included Lady Churchill and members of the Government, the Opposition and the Liberal Party.



THE QUEEN HONOURS A FAMOUS MISSIONARY-MUSICIAN WITH THE ORDER OF MERIT: DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER.

Dr. Schweitzer, the French philosopher, musician and missionary, has been appointed an honorary member of the Order of Merit, it was announced from Buckingham Palace on February 25. Eighty years of age, he was born in Alsace, and has devoted his life to missionary work in the hospital he founded at Lambarene, in French Equatorial Africa, forsaking a brilliant scholastic career. The only other honorary member of the Order of Merit is President Eisenhower.



LORD HAMBLEDEN AND HIS BRIDE, FORMERLY DONNA MARIA CARMELA ATTOLICO DI ADELFA.

The marriage of Viscount Hambleden (whose family firm is the famous W. H. Smith and Sons) to Donna Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia, daughter of the late Count Bernardo Attolico and of Contessa Eleonora Attolico di Adelfia, was solemnised at the Church of Santa Maria in Domnica, Rome, on February 21. The bride was given away by her grandfather, Count Pietromarchi.



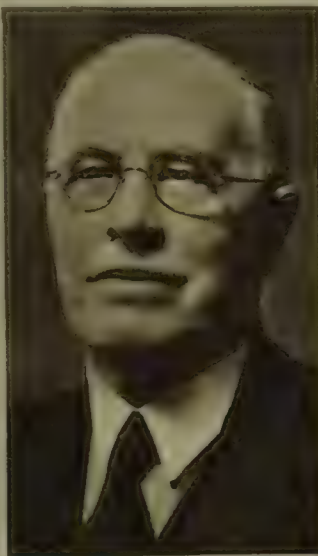
DIED ON FEBRUARY 23:
M. PAUL CLAUDEL.

A great literary figure and distinguished diplomat, M. Paul Claudel was aged eighty-six. He was Ambassador in Tokyo (1921-26), in Washington (1927-33), and in Brussels (1933-35). A devout Roman Catholic, he was nevertheless a friend of Gide. His great literary output included "L'Annonce Faite à Marie," a new production of which opened last week at the Comédie-Française, and "Le Soulier de Satin."



A NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN:
MR. WILLIAM DRING.

The election of Mr. William Dring as Royal Academician was announced on February 24. He was born in 1904, and studied at the Slade School. A portrait and landscape painter, he was official war artist to the Ministry of Information, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry during the Second World War. He was elected A.R.A. in 1944.



A NEW ROYAL ACADEMICIAN:
SIR HUBERT WORTHINGTON.

A distinguished architect, Sir Hubert Worthington has been elected R.A. Principal Architect for North Africa and Egypt, Imperial War Graves Commission, and Architect to Manchester Cathedral, during the war he carried out work in factories and airports. He is responsible for many fine domestic, ecclesiastical, scholastic and hospital buildings.



BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN LISBON: SIR C. STIRLING.

Appointed Portuguese Ambassador in succession to Sir Nigel Ronald in November 1954, Sir Charles Stirling arrived in Lisbon with his wife and daughter on February 21 to take up his post. Aged fifty-four, he has served previously in Prague, Peking, Sofia, Lisbon, and Tangier, and was Ambassador to Chile at the time of his new appointment.



DIED FEBRUARY 26:

MR. HUSEYIN RAGIP BAYDUR.

Mr. Huseyin Ragip Baydur, the Turkish Ambassador in London since 1952, died suddenly at his London home, aged sixty-five. A dignified but retiring figure, he was known as a wise and calm counsellor. First a teacher, then a journalist, he valued study and observation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PERSONALITIES RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



CZECH SKATER SEEKS ASYLUM IN THE UNITED STATES AFTER HER VIENNA ESCAPE: MISS MIROSLAVA NACHODSKA.
Miss Nachodska, aged twenty-two, a member of the Czechoslovak national ice-skating team, left the Czech party in Vienna, where the recent world championships were held, and drove in a taxi to the American refugee centre, where she sought asylum. "In Czechoslovakia," she said, "I had everything but freedom and security."



THE LAST RECEPTION HELD BY SIR ROBERT HOWE IN THE SUDAN: HE RETIRES THIS MONTH.
Sir Robert is shown presenting a decoration to a notable at an afternoon reception, the last he will hold as Governor-General of the Sudan. Five days earlier he opened the Sudan Parliament's third session, concluding with a personal message explaining his retirement on personal grounds.



PRESENTATION TO THE AGA KHAN: HIS HIGHNESS RECEIVING £300,000 ON THE OCCASION OF HIS PLATINUM JUBILEE.
With the Begum at his side, the Aga Khan attended a ceremony in Cairo on February 19, to mark his seventy years as leader of the Moslem Ismaili sect. The £300,000 cheque, presented by his followers, represented his estimated weight in platinum. It will be used for a housing scheme.



FAREWELL FROM THE SHAH: QUEEN SORAYA HOLDS HER HAT WHILE HER HUSBAND READS HIS PARTING SPEECH AT LONDON AIRPORT BEFORE LEAVING ON THEIR WEST GERMAN VISIT.
The Shah of Persia and Queen Soraya ended their private visit to England on February 23, when they left by air for West Germany. They were seen off at London Airport by the Duke of Gloucester and by Mr. Ali



THE ROYAL COUPLE IN HAMBURG: THE SHAH AND QUEEN SORAYA CHAT WITH A SMALL BOY AT THE MUNICIPAL KINDERGARTEN.

Sohelly, the Persian Ambassador in London. During their German stay they visited Hamburg and Bonn and were welcomed by President Heuss and Dr. Adenauer and the presidents of both Houses of Parliament.



THE S.E.A.T.O. CONFERENCE OPENS AT BANGKOK IN THE GOLD-AND-MARBLE THRONE ROOM OF THE SIAMESE PARLIAMENT BUILDING: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ASSEMBLY.
The signatories of the South-East Asia Defence Treaty met at Bangkok on February 23. The meeting was attended by Sir Anthony Eden, who arrived there after visits to Cairo (where he had talks with Colonel Nasser)



SIR ANTHONY EDEN AT THE CONFERENCE: HE SITS NEXT TO MR. MALCOLM MACDONALD, COMMISSIONER-GENERAL FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA, and Karachi. At the Bangkok talks, a military planning group was established. Proposals for a political secretariat were also agreed upon, with Bangkok serving as a permanent headquarters.

ENGLAND ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

"THE KING'S PEACE: 1637-1641"; by C. V. WEDGWOOD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

SEVERAL imposing historical works are in process of construction, including two general histories of England, of each of which a single volume has appeared. Miss Wedgwood's new book is the first volume of another ambitious undertaking—namely, a history of the Great Rebellion. Books about the events of that time and the men who shaped them or were shaped by them are multitudinous in number, but panoramic surveys of the whole scene on this scale are few. Clarendon's was the earliest: a noble and graphic work which was notably just, considering that it was written by one who had been active in the preliminary conflict, first against the Crown, and then against the dissenting oligarchy which was ousting the Crown, and that it was begun several years before the headsman's axe had put a temporary end to the struggle. So far as I know, nothing on that scale was attempted again until S. R. Gardiner produced his massive survey just before our own time. He also did his best to be fair: he was scrupulous about his evidence, even though his sympathies were those of his generation rather than of ours. Miss Wedgwood has evidently set herself to emulate, and even excel, his honesty about the facts; and, although other readers beside myself may regret that she does not occasionally let herself go at poignantly dramatic moments or dare a thumping moral judgment, she never lapses into dullness, even when unravelling the most tiresomely complicated network of faction and intrigue.

Her title, "The King's Peace," is, I must say, rather surprising. She does, in an introduction, survey the field of English life in the Macaulayan manner, and tell us how prosperous the English were in King Charles's earlier days, what fish they caught, what food they ate, what pictures the exquisite King collected. But there is remarkably little peace in her

death by the Roundheads, who regarded them as Whores of Babylon. Wentworth, Lord Strafford, was sent to Ireland as Lord Deputy. He made the Exchequer solvent. He united the Irish. He raised and equipped an Irish army. He was then accused, in the English Parliament, of raising it in order to attack England. On that he was charged. On that charge he was executed by men who knew no loyalty



"THE HAPPIEST KING IN CHRISTENDOM": KING CHARLES I. [By Anthony Van Dyck.]

at all. Miss Wedgwood, with her imperturbable impartiality, may think that, saying that, I am full of romantic prejudice. I don't care: "King Pym," member though he may have been for Tavistock in my native county, has always seemed to me a brute beast, conceited and cruel. Had he lived longer he might have been charged as a Regicide; and then the kind Charles II. would probably have got him off, as he got Milton off.

Strafford was hounded to his death. His impeachment being supported by too little evidence—and no King of England ever had a more resolute, sensible or selfless servant—his implacable enemies revived the ancient instrument of Attainder which, in effect, damned a man without trial. Even that, however, needed the Royal assent. Charles was pledged to Strafford, who, says Miss Wedgwood, "released the King from a promise he could no longer keep"—though the King, ever afterwards, said that his not keeping that promise justified all his tribulations, even his death, in front of his own Banqueting Hall, with the Roundhead soldiers beating drums in order to drown the pathetic protests of the crowd. "May it please your Sacred Majesty," wrote Strafford from the Tower, "I understand the minds of men are more and more incensed against me, notwithstanding your Majesty hath declared that, in your princely opinion, I am not guilty of treason, and that you are not satisfied in your conscience to pass the bill. This bringeth me in a very great strait; there is before me the ruin of my children and family, hitherto untouched with any foul crime: here are before me the many ills, which may befall your Sacred Person and the whole Kingdom should yourself and Parliament part less satisfied one with the other than is necessary for the preservation both of King and people; there are before me the things most valued, most feared by mortal men, Life and Death.

"To say, Sir, that there hath not been strife in me, were to make me less man than God knows my infirmities make me and to call a destruction upon myself and my young children will find no easy consent from flesh and blood. To set Your Majesty's conscience at liberty, I do most humbly beseech Your Majesty (for preventing of evils which may happen by your refusal) to pass this bill . . ."

It was passed. From a window in the Tower Archbishop Laud, aged seventy and to be the next victim, watched him go to his doom and offered him a silent benediction. Laud had behaved in an unwise and tactless way: he had attempted to force bishops and the Prayer-Book upon the Scots. But it should be remembered by the indignant against Laud that, if he insisted that everybody should have a bishop, there were those, and they shortly got into power, who insisted that nobody should have a bishop. The notion of toleration scarcely existed—though, of course, one does not know what the

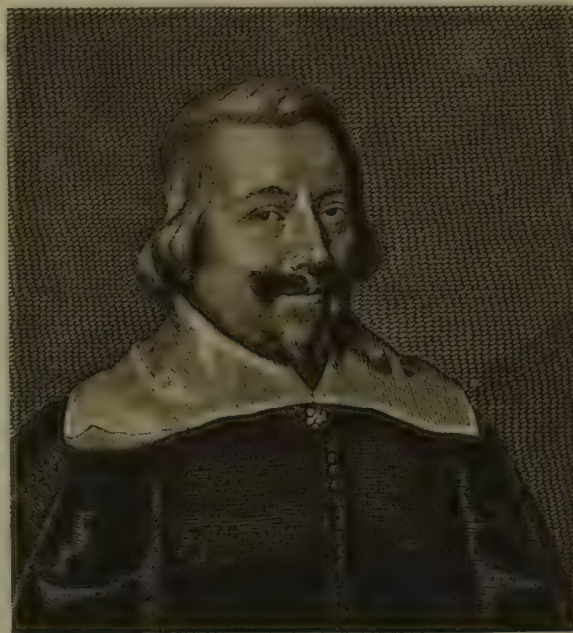
ordinary English yeoman said over his ale and his burning logs—and there were countless texts in the Old Testament which could be wrenched to fit a doctrine, or even justify a butchery, until it got to the point at which a Frenchman remarked that the English had "a hundred religions and only one sauce."

Well, Parliament (as that side called it) had its way. It wasn't really Parliament, but a majority in the House of Commons and a minority, steadily dwindling, in the House of Lords. Strafford had his head cut off; Laud had his head cut off; the King had his head cut off; and, after that, many of the best and noblest in the land had their heads cut off. What was the result? Cromwell had to fight the Scots, who had been such a difficulty to his King. Cromwell had to fight the Irish, committing abominations in Ireland which are still remembered there; Cromwell put all England into a strait-jacket; Cromwell built the strong Navy which his King had wanted; and Cromwell kicked the Commons out of the Commons House, and reigned as a dictator.

It may have dawned upon Cromwell, in his last moments, that the King whom he had helped to kill (after "wrestling with the Lord" all night) had also had a difficult, and heart-breaking, job. There is nothing so instructive as responsibility. But for information about that, I must await Miss Wedgwood's later volumes. She has much to unveil; and when she unveils it I can't help thinking that she may come to the conclusion that there was much to be said for King Charles and his loyal adherents as against the trouble-making, rabble-rousing mixture of gangsters who brought him to the scaffold. It wasn't a Cavalier who wrote the lines about his death:

He nothing common did or mean,
Upon that memorable scene . . .
But bow'd his comely head,
Down as upon a bed.

Eleven years afterwards his son was brought back with a triumphal progress from Dover to London. It was



"ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT SINGLE FIGURES AND ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE INTELLECTS IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND": JOHN PYM.

From an engraving by John Glover.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The King's Peace: 1637-1641"; by courtesy of the publisher, Collins.

his vindication. The Cavaliers couldn't sort things out very well: but the Roundheads had made a quite intolerable mess. And after that . . . and after that . . . Well, "c'est la vie, n'est-ce pas?" and, in the present state of the world, we might as well leave it at that.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 422 of this issue.



"A MAN OF GREAT LEARNING, A PROFOUND BELIEVER IN RITUAL AND HIERARCHY": ARCHBISHOP LAUD.

By an unknown artist.

picture, although the Civil War had not yet broken out. Two wars with the Scots—and they were of two kinds—are recorded: and dreadful troubles with the Irish, where the native Catholics, dispossessed of their lands by intruding English and Scots Protestants, were in ferment, though still loyal to the throne, as they remained until the Battle of the Boyne—at Naseby an Irish contingent fought, and their women, whom they had brought with them, were clubbed to

* "The King's Peace: 1637-1641." By C. V. Wedgwood. Illustrated. (Collins; 25s.)



IN THE THERMAL AREA OF NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH ISLAND, WHICH WILL PROVIDE HEAVY WATER FOR BRITAIN'S NUCLEAR REACTORS: THE STEAM-SHROUDED WATER OF CHAMPAGNE POOL HINTS AT THE POWER BENEATH.

It was officially announced on February 21 that the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and the New Zealand Government have formed a company for the production of heavy water and electric power. The Company will be known as Geothermal Development Limited, and will have a nominal capital of £30,000. The remainder of the capital requirements, nearly £6,000,000, will be provided by loans. Nuclear power-stations, as the recent White Paper announced,

will provide increasingly the electricity needed for industrial and domestic consumption in Britain. Thus, the New Zealand production of heavy water at an advantageous price is particularly significant. The development of the hydrogen bomb will likewise be affected. This exploitation of their underground resources will also aid the people of New Zealand's North Island towards widespread electrification, which the shortage of coal and oil would have otherwise retarded.

A NEW SOURCE OF HEAVY WATER FOR BRITAIN'S ATOMIC POWER-STATIONS.



REDUCING THE ROAR OF COMPRESSED STEAM—OF THE TWO NARROW DIAMETER BORES SHOWN, THE ONE IN THE BACKGROUND IS FITTED WITH A SILENCER.



DRYING THE STEAM: THE SEPARATOR MUST STRAIN OFF WATER CONTAINING GAS AND CORRODING METALS BEFORE THE STEAM CAN BE ADAPTED TO DRIVING TURBINES.

WELLS now being sunk at Wairakei, near Rotorua, in New Zealand, will help British housewives to get cheaper electricity. They will also help to develop the hydrogen bomb; for those wells tap vast underground reservoirs of super-hot steam, to be used in the production of heavy water, an increasingly important material in nuclear reactors. When Britain's first heavy water reactor commenced operation at Harwell last August, it was estimated that such plant could make electricity for about three-farthings a unit. In announcing the new industrial atomic energy programme, the recent White Paper put the probable cost per unit at 0.6d., and this reduction is no doubt partly due to the cheaper supplies of heavy water which will become available from this new source. Heavy water (D_2O) is an ideal moderator material for an atomic pile and can be obtained from ordinary water by distillation, by exchange reaction (using a catalyst), or by the electrolysis of water. The geo-thermal springs of New Zealand are rich in deuterium (heavy hydrogen), enabling the preparation of heavy water to proceed there much more cheaply than anywhere else. This joint U.K.-New Zealand enterprise will also produce 40,000 kilowatts of "orthodox" electricity to meet local needs. Preliminary tests have shown encouraging results: the plant will probably be producing heavy water from geo-thermal steam.

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) TESTING TEMPERATURES OF NATURAL STEAM-VENTS IN THE ROTORUA-WAIRAKEI AREA OF NEW ZEALAND: PART OF THE PRELIMINARY SURVEY CONDUCTED BY NEW ZEALAND SCIENTISTS.



THE BILLY BOILS IN FIVE MINUTES ON A STEAM JET: A VALVE ON THE BIG BORE SUPPLIES STEAM THROUGH A THIN COPPER PIPE.



THROTTLING-DOWN THE BORES: THIS FERRO-CONCRETE SILENCER, 6 FT. IN DIAMETER, FITTED TO A NARROW-GAUGE BORE, WILL LESSEN THE "BANSHEE WAIL."

[Continued.]

by the end of 1957, and electricity from the same source a few months later. New Zealand produces practically no oil, and has insufficient coal to generate electricity on the scale required. The large hydro-electric developmental works in progress along the Waikato River, even when working at full capacity, will be unable to meet all needs. When this became apparent, the nuclear energy scheme was propounded, and in 1950 steam drilling commenced. The geo-thermal area was surveyed by geologists and geophysicists, using modern seismic methods. Test bores were sunk, some to a depth of more than half a mile. Steam resources for generating at least 40,000 kilowatts of electricity were proved, and plans were drawn up for the construction of a plant. Actual construction work on this, and the associated heavy water project, is expected to commence in six or eight months' time. Boring for thermal steam is a risky business, entailing many difficulties.

The ground is so hot—becoming increasingly so as the drills bite deeper—that cooling fluids must be continually pumped in, or the ground would bake and the drills seize up. Steam from the bores shoots skyward to a height of 400 ft. at volumes reaching 100 tons an hour. The temperature of the steam is sometimes 250 degs.—more than twice the heat of boiling water. At pressures touching 430 lb. per square inch, the steam thrusts up through narrow casings with a banshee wail that can be heard for miles around. This led the New Zealanders to devise means of throttling-down their bores. First they built ferro-concrete silencers, 6 ft. in diameter, and coupled them to the narrow-gauge bores. That reduced the noise five times. Later, with even better results, they invented deflectors. Indeed, as the project took shape, the engineers had constantly to improvise their own methods, develop their own techniques. Other problems arose through the steam

[Continued opposite.]

LETTING OFF STEAM: HARNESSING THE UNDERGROUND POWER OF WAIRAKEI.



STEAM RISING HARMLESSLY: A DEFLECTOR DEVICE DIRECTS THE SCALDING STEAM AWAY FROM THE WELL-HEAD AND ALSO HELPS TO DEADEN THE NOISE.



THE STEAM POURS UPWARD: TWIN BORES AT WAIRAKEI SHOOT STEAM UPWARD TO A HEIGHT OF 400 FT. AT VOLUMES REACHING 100 TONS AN HOUR.



A DEFLECTOR AT WORK: OPERATING THE APPARATUS WHICH DIRECTS THE STEAM JETS OUTWARDS AT AN ANGLE, THUS ENSURING GREATER SAFETY AND LESS SOUND.

being "wet"—coming up mixed with water. This water contains gas and chemicals which quickly corrode metals; so ways have had to be found for straining-off the water before the steam can be adapted to driving turbines. The credit for such processes must go to New Zealand's "backroom boys"—officers of the Works Department, and the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research. While the exact



PROTECTING THE EARS: VISITORS APPROACH THE BORE, WHERE AIR VIBRATION SET UP BY THE ROARING STEAM MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO REMAIN FOR LONG.

potential of New Zealand's 5000-square-mile thermal area cannot be assessed, the underground energy there appears unlimited, with enough steam-power already in sight to drive anything that needs be; so the success of these small initial projects, revolutionary though they are, seems assured, and it may well be that greater successes will follow.

"OVERSHADOWING all else in the year 1954 has been the emergence of the thermo-nuclear bomb." These are the opening words of the Statement on Defence for 1955, presented by the Minister of Defence. It is an extraordinary reflection that, whereas less than ten years ago we were most of us saying that there was no need to think of anything worse than the atomic bomb, because nothing worse could be devised, now something infinitely worse confronts us. In a sense, the hydrogen bomb marks as great an advance on the original atomic bomb as this did on a bombing fleet carrying the heaviest conventional bombs. The impact of the new weapon on the minds of statesmen and soldiers has been at least as great as was that of the earlier one. The hydrogen bomb calls for a radical reorganisation of all methods of war before that necessitated by the atomic bomb has been completed. It has been decided that manufacture of the hydrogen bomb shall be undertaken in this country, though one fears it will be a long time before any of these weapons are available.

An official white paper is never a dramatic document. Reading this, one has to use one's imagination to bring out the full meaning of the words employed.* Destruction, human and material, would be on "an unprecedented scale"; the bomb would devastate a "wide area by blast and thermal radiation"; atomised particles would be carried away and descend as radioactive "fall-out"; the effect on those exposed without shelter would be fatal in the greatest concentration of the "fall-out"; apart from devastation, greater tracts would be "rendered uninhabitable." We are invited to look at a picture of a target area—no suggestion about its size is given—in which central and local government would be put out of action, in some cases permanently. There are a few quiet phrases about industry, power, water, and food. There is even greater caution on the subject of public morale—a subject of the highest importance and one for estimating which the generally high standard in Britain during the Second World War is not sufficient precedent. We are told that it would be "most severely tested." Indeed it would. To the intelligent reader the implications are shocking, and they are meant to be.

This development has brought about the decision to put chief reliance on nuclear weapons and to make the Royal Air Force, which is the instrument for carrying them, the chief element in the Services. The deterrent value of a striking force on these lines is considered to be very great. In fact, though the horrors of war are vastly increased by the new bombs, it is believed that the risks of war are diminished. I do not propose to quarrel with that view. In the Navy work is proceeding on an experimental guided-weapon ship; but before we throw up our hats about this we have to note that she is a converted ship and that her trials are planned to begin in 1956. But because we cannot rely wholly on strategic air power, we must also have a Navy which, "with the allied navies," can seek and destroy the enemy's naval forces and, at the same time, preserve command of our sea communications. We must also reduce our reserve fleet in size but make it better in quality.

Some of the effects on the Army had already been indicated. Announcements had been made that, partly by means of training, partly by cutting out redundancies, it would have to be made more mobile, speedier, able to use more communications of the second or third order, able to carry out without fumbling night operations on a large scale; in a word, to adapt itself to conditions in which not only the hydrogen bomb but a number of new tactical atomic weapons had to be taken into account. Now it is to have a new rôle in civil defence. A Mobile Defence Corps is to be trained and equipped for fire-fighting and rescue and ambulance work. The aim during the next three or four years will be to create a force of forty-eight reserve battalions for this purpose. This is primarily a War Office matter and under mobilisation all reserve battalions would come under the orders of the local army commander, but a certain proportion of the reserve battalions will be filled from the Royal Air Force.

At the same time, the Army is suffering the heaviest reduction among the three fighting Services in strength, so that the considerable new duties which it is to take over will substantially weaken it as a "fighting" or expeditionary army. We learn that "long-term" re-equipment is to continue, and that during the year

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DEFENCE IN THE AGE OF NUCLEAR POWER.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

the Army will be receiving new wireless sets, radar, light anti-aircraft guns, and sub-machine-guns. All very useful, but we hope as we read the words that "long-term" stands for things not essential at any particular moment, and that tactical atomic weapons are left out of the list because they come into a special category of their own, and are called for—urgently—by the new conditions which have already been described. It is well known that the United States has made great progress in this respect and that tactical atomic weapons have been in the field, though only used theoretically, in large exercises in America and Germany.

The above are some of the principal points made in the statement. It would be waste of space needed for other purposes to summarise it here. For those who

FRANCE'S NEW PRIME MINISTER: M. FAURE.



THE FRENCH RADICAL LEADER WHO SUCCEEDED IN FORMING A NEW ADMINISTRATION AND BECAME PRIME MINISTER FOR THE SECOND TIME: M. EDGAR FAURE.

When the French National Assembly voted M. Faure into office on February 24, nineteen days after the fall of M. Mendès-France, France had appointed its twenty-first government since the war. M. Faure, succeeding where MM. Pinay, Pflimlin and Pineau had failed, formed his Government from many groups, largely of the Right. It included M. Pinay as Foreign Minister, M. Schuman as Minister of Justice, and M. Pflimlin as Minister of Finance, in addition to the two Gaullists, M. Palewski and General Koenig. The new Government secured 369 votes against 210, a majority of 159, the Socialists and Communists voting solidly in opposition. It is believed that the three main problems facing M. Faure will be the Paris Agreements, the situation in North Africa, and the domestic issue of wages. This will be M. Faure's second time in office.

do not intend to read the document itself, summaries have been given in the daily Press of February 18. The most useful way in which to employ the second half of this article will be by commentary. First, the Navy. On this subject I have written a good deal lately and have little that is new to say. It is important to note that, though the deterrent value of our armaments for counter-strokes stands a long way first, a secondary deterrent is obvious capacity for survival. Here the Navy plays a big part. But the Navy has been let run down, not so much in immediate strength as in replacement for the future. Such measures as are mentioned are distant and it is hard to see how a gap can be avoided. The biggest war recently witnessed, that in Korea, was a naval war, in the sense that it could not have been waged without the cover of naval forces. In the Formosa Strait the very appearance of a great fleet has led to the peaceful evacuation of the Tachen Islands and assured the defence of Formosa.

The Army, as stated, is being cut down, but at the same time it is to benefit by the creation of a strategic reserve at home. This is the best feature of the Egyptian settlement. The Army is the chief force in the waging of cold war, which is likely to continue—all the more likely, as a vehicle of Communist policy, if the Communist world is deterred from launching a major war. Cold war calls largely for man-power; secondary wars like that of Korea largely for infantry, and, to a great extent, rifles and bayonets. It is necessary that the Army, which has got us out of so many scrapes in recent times and is now engaged in such serious work in Africa and Asia, should not lose its capacity to engage in affairs of this sort, from Korea at the apex to Kenya at the base. But for these considerations it would be desirable to have an Army particularly designed to fight one sort of war, the latest envisaged. But cold war and secondary war are very important, or they would not be used against us. Therefore we must make every effort to preserve amid the new experiments an Army which can fight these other kinds of war.

What has to be said of the R.A.F. is, first and foremost, that its present capacities do not correspond to the theoretical outline of its functions in the Statement on Defence. Another white paper advances some reasons for this situation, but this cannot be dealt with here. What has happened, as is well known, is that, not in one but in several aircraft designs, expectations have not been fulfilled, development has been slow and subject to set-backs, the eradication of faults has taken an unconscionably long time, and the R.A.F. is still not equipped for the rôle laid down for it. It has, nevertheless, considerable striking power, and might be used on the outbreak of a major war primarily to destroy hostile air bases suitable for attack on this country, while the Americans took on the main tasks of the nuclear counter-offensive. But it is urgently necessary to make up for lost time and prevent the recurrence of avoidable errors.

To end with some general principles, while it is clear that our plans must be based on helping and getting help from allies, above all the United States, we must not allow ourselves to become mere satellites. If we hand over the sea to the United States we lose our right to make our voice heard, and say good-bye to what remains of our greatness. We also strip ourselves of the power of protecting the communities depending directly upon ourselves. Secondly, we must continue to regard Russia, the main force of the Communist world, as hostile, unless, which is most unlikely, we get undeniable proof to the contrary. We have been taking it for granted, not unreasonably, that Russia dislikes the prospect of nuclear warfare as much as we do. Perhaps she does, but Mr. Molotov's last speech held a sinister sentence about nuclear war not involving the destruction of civilisation but only the destruction of capitalism. This may have been but bragging propaganda, but it is also a revelation of hatred.

The main Russian aim at the moment is not, I think, war, but the removal of American and British forces from Western Europe, which would place the whole continent at the mercy of the Kremlin. A secondary but similar one has been the prevention of Western German rearmament. This aim has been supported by threats, which have had no effect and are not believed, and by the cleverer policies of dangling the bait of German reunion and exploiting the distressing weaknesses and humiliating incapacity of France. It should be our aim to make any compromises which do not affect the essence of German rearmament in order to reassure and encourage

France. We can do this better than any other country, including the more powerful United States. Regarding the United States itself, if we would make the best of the alliance which is the sole foundation of hope, we need—and the Americans need, too—a more sympathetic understanding. Projects for driving Chiang Kai-shek out of Formosa are as dangerous to the alliance as they are inherently fantastic.

Reasonable relations with Communism are highly desirable; reasonable compromise to attain them is not to be ruled out. Truckling to Communism is not only useless positively; it is a perilous policy. It is regarded merely as an exhibition of fear and weakness, not as a bid for peace from strength. One of the first aims of Communism continues to be the separation of Britain and the United States. It looks as though this were at least a contributory aim of Chinese Communist policy and action in the Formosa Strait. We should beware of falling into the trap or of going half-way to meet the plotters.

* Statement on Defence, 1955. Cmd. 9391. (H.M. Stationery Office; 2s.)

THE ROYAL NAVY'S MOST FORMIDABLE FIGHTING UNIT: H.M.S. ARK ROYAL COMMISSIONED.



THE FIRST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TO HAVE ALL THE POST-WAR DEVELOPMENTS IN FLIGHT-DECK TECHNIQUE: LOOKING AFT ALONG THE ANGLED DECK OF H.M.S. ARK ROYAL.

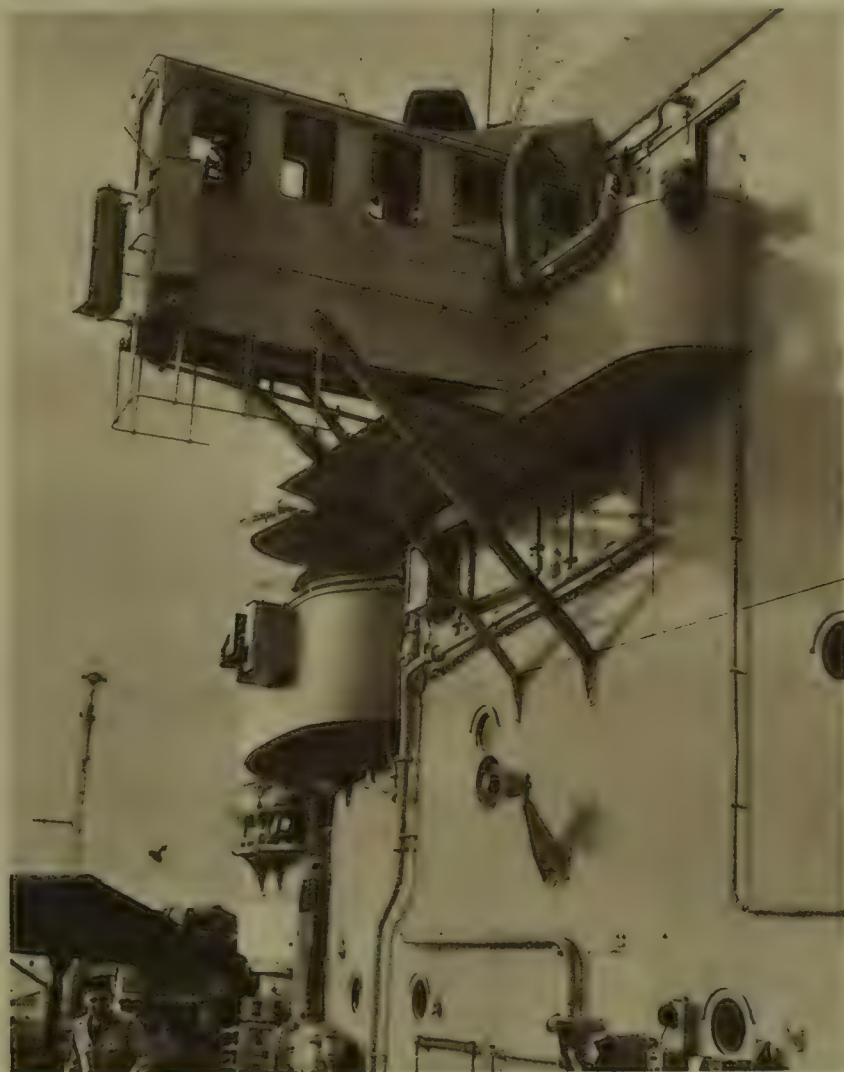


THE "ISLAND" AND FIGHTING CONTROL TOWER OF THE ROYAL NAVY'S MOST FORMIDABLE FIGHTING UNIT: H.M.S. ARK ROYAL (36,800 TONS), PHOTOGRAPHED A FEW DAYS BEFORE COMMISSIONING ON FEB. 22.

ON February 22, at Birkenhead, the commissioning service of H.M.S. *Ark Royal* was conducted by the Ven. F. N. Chamberlain, Chaplain of the Fleet, the service being attended by civic dignitaries of Birkenhead and Leeds. Leeds has "adopted" the ship. *Ark Royal*, the fourth to bear that name, is the first aircraft-carrier to have all the post-war developments in flight-deck technique—angled deck, steam catapults, a new type of arrestor gear, the mirror landing aid and a deck-edge lift—and with more than fifty aircraft embarked will be the most formidable fighting unit of the Royal Navy. Her commanding officer is Captain D. R. F. Campbell, D.S.C., R.N., who was directly concerned with working out the idea of the angled deck. If her machinery spaces were contaminated by atomic radiation, her engines could be run by remote control sufficiently long to reach security. She was built by Messrs. Cammell Laird and Co. Ltd., of Birkenhead.



THE FORWARD LIFT OF H.M.S. ARK ROYAL. THIS NEW CARRIER HAS THREE LIFTS, BEING THE FIRST BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER TO HAVE A DECK-EDGE ELEVATOR.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE PROJECTING BRIDGE USED BY THE "COMMANDER FLYING," WHICH CAN ALSO BE SEEN IN THE TOP RIGHT PHOTOGRAPH.



A TOAST TO ARK ROYAL, AFTER THE COMMISSIONING. (L. TO R.) MR. J. C. MATHER (CHAIRMAN OF CAMMELL LAIRD'S), CAPTAIN D. R. F. CAMPBELL, D.S.C., R.N. (COMMANDING OFFICER), COUNCILLOR H. S. VICK (LORD MAYOR OF LEEDS), MR. R. W. JOHNSON (MANAGING DIRECTOR, CAMMELL LAIRD'S).



FOUND AFTER EIGHT DAYS BUT ALMOST HIDDEN BY SNOW: THE WRECKAGE OF THE MISSING BELGIAN AIRLINER ON THE SLOPES OF MOUNT TERMINILLO, IN CENTRAL ITALY, SEEN FROM THE AIR. THE TWENTY-NINE PEOPLE ON BOARD WERE DEAD.

On February 21, after eight days of widespread searches by air, sea and land, the wreckage was found of the Belgian *Sabena* DC-6 airliner which vanished on a flight from Brussels to the Belgian Congo on February 13, when it was only fifteen minutes' flying time from Rome Airport. After the wreckage had been sighted by pilots of Italian aircraft taking part in the search, a Carabinieri ski patrol reached the scene, a ledge about 5000 ft. up on the slopes of Mount Terminillo, about fifty miles north-east of Rome. The aircraft, which was reported to be

in three pieces, was almost a solid block of ice, and all the twenty-nine people on board were dead. Five bodies were strewn about the deep snow. Among the passengers were three children and Signorina Marcella Mariani, a film actress and former beauty queen of Italy. The only Briton in the aircraft was the second pilot, Mr. Patrick McNamara, formerly of London, whose home was in Brussels. At the time of writing, the bodies of all but five of the victims have been taken to Rieti, the town where recovery operations have been centred.



WINTER'S FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT ON A RIVIERA PLEASURE RESORT: THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS, AT NICE, TRANSFORMED INTO A ROUGH, SHINGLY BEACH.

Nice, the Riviera town to which sun-starved British tourists often go at this time of the year to enjoy sunshine and spring flowers before they can be expected at home, has not escaped the fierce onslaught of this vicious winter. Rain, high winds and heavy seas not only made it impossible for the Battle of Flowers and Carnival to be held with their full splendour before the beginning of Lent; but the storm was so violent that many tons of stones and shingle were hurled from the

beach on to the Promenade des Anglais, the esplanade which stretches along the shore, shaded by palms, and bordered by fine hotels. Our photograph shows its aspect after this transformation. The vehicle in the centre, fitted with a special device, was used in clearing the Promenade. The whole Mediterranean coast was swept by a gale with a wind speed of over 60 m.p.h. on February 19-21; and heavy snow fell in many areas.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

TWIN-FLOWER AND MALVINA BERRY.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

ONE of the saddest things in all horticulture is, surely, to see good plants planted in soil which could only be rank poison to them.

Almost equally sad, and mad, is the planting of semi-tender plants in the sort of super-tough climate in which, sooner or later, they could only shiver themselves to death.

I know this, because so often I have lapsed into this particular form of lunacy myself. But my excuse is that almost always I have done these things by way of experiment, being no believer in believing everything I read, nor everything that the most solemn experts tell me. Thus, many good plants have perished, martyrs to my incredulity. But meanwhile I have gained much useful knowledge, and enjoyed many pleasant surprises. Perhaps the commonest and most distressing manifestation of pig-headed lunacy in this matter is the planting—often on a large scale—of rhododendrons and azaleas in a chalky or a limey neighbourhood. More than once I have met instances of folk setting out to make a garden on a thin coat of loam over pure chalk, and insisting on having masses of rhododendrons and azaleas. Having more bullion than "the little grey cells," they imported tons and tons of peat and planted hundreds of rhododendrons and azaleas, all the most exotic and blinding sorts that ever afflicted sore eyes at Chelsea. The dreadful thing was the length of time they lingered, looking for the first year like a mob of political prisoners and, after that, something between a leper colony and a cemetery.

However, many good gardeners and skilled plantmen feel they can not live without just a few rhododendrons and other peat-loving, lime-hating plants, even though they live on pure chalk or limestone. They compromise with the expedient of growing a few of the smaller sorts, either in pots or in a bed of

get a few cans of hard spring water from time to time, and do not seem to suffer.

A peat-loving lime-hater which I have grown here successfully in the semi-confinement of a stone trough is the Twin-flower, *Linnæa borealis*, an exquisitely small thing named, at his request, after the great Swedish botanist Linnæus, by Gronovius. It is a prostrate trailing evergreen sub-shrub, with slender wiry stems, which spread into wide mats, rooting as they go. The plant flowers here about June. On erect, threadlike stems little more than an inch high, the rose-pink pendant bell-flowers are carried in pairs.



"HOW PLEASANT IT WOULD BE TO GROW A GOOD BREADTH OF THIS LITTLE ANTARCTIC SHRUB AND SPECIALISE IN REGALING VISITORS WITH MYRTLE TEA AND MALVINA CAKE": *MYRTUS NUMMULARIA*, A LITTLE CREEPING MYRTLE WHOSE LEAVES WERE USED IN THE PAST BY THE FALKLANDERS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR TEA, AND THE BERRIES IN PLACE OF CURRANTS IN CAKES.

Copyright photograph by A. T. Johnson.

They are deliciously and powerfully almond-scented. After the main crop of flowers is over, which is often very abundant, the plant is seldom without a few scattered blossoms for the rest of the summer.

I was given a few trailing stems of *Linnæa* three or four years ago, and planted them in almost pure peat in my stone trough, which sits on the north side of my house. They soon took hold and covered the trough with a good mat of growth. This spring I shall give the colony a top-dressing of peat and sand. Apart from weeding, it has had no special attention. *Linnæa borealis* is native of the high latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere, and is found, a great rarity, in a few spots in North-Eastern Britain. I saw sheets of it growing as a woodland carpet when plant collecting on Mount Angelus, in the State of Washington, U.S.A. It is delightful for cool, semi-shady places in the rock garden, and would make an ideal ground-carpet under rhododendrons, especially in woodland conditions. I am hoping this year to plant another stone trough, a pair to *Linnæa's* home, with a rather similar prostrate sub-shrub from the exact opposite end of the earth—the Malvina berry, *Myrtus nummularia*. I came across this plant when collecting in the Falkland Islands in 1910 and brought home a living divot of it, which I grew at Stevenage for many years. The plant grows absolutely prostrate, hugging the ground with a carpet of small, glossy, dark-green leaves, which have much the same aromatic fragrance as the common myrtle. The flowers are white, with four petals, and carried on very short stems close down among the leaves. These are followed by oval pink aromatic berries about a 1/4-in. long. Bean says: "It has long been known, having been described and named in 1796; it was collected originally by Commereson. Charles Darwin gathered it in Tierra del Fuego in 1833, during the voyage of the *Beagle*, and many others have found it there since, and it seems to have been comparatively recently introduced. It is quite hardy at South Lodge, Horsham, and other places towards the South Coast; elsewhere it should be as hardy at least as *Oxalis enneaphylla*." If it is as hardy elsewhere as *Oxalis enneaphylla* it should be hardy anywhere in this country, for I have never heard of that species suffering from cold anywhere in Britain. I think it is highly probable that the living specimen which I brought from the Falklands in 1910 was the "comparatively recent introduction" which Bean records. Although I am now without the plant, I think I know of one shrub nursery from which I could obtain a specimen to plant in my trough. Failing that and other sources of supply in this country, I shall

have to resort to the chancy expedient of trying to get viable seed collected in the Falklands or the Magellan region.

The leaves of *Myrtus nummularia* were used in the past in the Falklands for making a sort of tea, but I was never given any on either of my two visits to the islands. The berries, too, were used in place of currants in cakes, and were known as Malvina berries. Malvinas—the Malvinas Islands—was the old Spanish name for the islands. How pleasant it would be to grow a good breadth of this little Antarctic shrub and specialise in regaling visitors with myrtle tea and Malvina cake.

I brought home a number of other interesting plants and seeds from the Falklands, apart from *Oxalis enneaphylla*—for which I specially went—some of which have survived in cultivation in this country, and many of which died out for one reason or another. The rose-pink form of *Oxalis enneaphylla* was new to cultivation and one of my best captures. This *Oxalis* used to be known as the Falkland Scurvy Grass, in the old sailing days, and was in great demand among sailor-men calling at the Islands on account of the anti-scorbutic properties of its leaves. There was one most beautiful plant which I brought home alive, grew for a short while, and then to my infinite regret—lost. This was known locally as the Vanilla Daisy. For the moment I have forgotten its botanical Latin name. In habit it was rather like a gerbera, with very silver velvety leaves and silvery-white daisy flowers like gerberas in reduced circumstances on 12-in. stems, and with a powerful vanilla fragrance. It arrived home with just a flicker of life, and kept flickering, ever more feebly, until, after a month or two, it finally



Linnæa borealis

"IT IS DELIGHTFUL FOR COOL, SEMI-SHADY PLACES IN THE ROCK GARDEN, AND WOULD MAKE AN IDEAL GROUND-CARPETER UNDER RHODODENDRONS, ESPECIALLY IN WOODLAND CONDITIONS": *LINNÆA BOREALIS*, THE TWIN-FLOWER WHICH IS A NATIVE OF THE HIGH LATITUDES OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE.

Reproduced from an old engraving.

special rhododendron soil, raised above general ground-level to a depth, or, rather, height, of 2 or 3 ft. In this way they are cultivated and enjoyed more as museum treasures than as part of the garden landscape. It was only thus that I could grow a few favourite lime-haters when I gardened at Stevenage, on a rather stiff loam over chalk. I constructed a rectangular bed, contained by old railway sleepers set on edge, two deep.

Here, on the Cotswold limestone, I have not yet made such a bed, but I grow a few dwarfish azaleas and rhododendrons in pots, and water them—in theory—with rain-water, though I confess they often



"PERHAPS THE MOST ATTRACTIVE OF ALL THE FALKLAND PLANTS THAT I BROUGHT HOME": *SISYRINCHIUM FILIFOLIUM*, KNOWN IN THE ISLANDS AS "PALE MAIDENS." MR. ELLIOTT WRITES: "IT PRODUCES A SUCCESSION OF FRAGRANT BLOSSOMS LIKE PENDANT WHITE SATIN SNOWDROPS VEINED WITH PURPLE, ON 12-IN. STEMS."

From a drawing by John Nash, R.A.

gave up the unequal struggle with the probably unsuitable treatment I was giving it. I would dearly love to have seeds of the Vanilla Daisy or a few reasonably alive plants with which to try again.

But perhaps the most attractive of all the Falkland plants that I brought home was *Sisyrinchium filifolium*, known in the Islands as "Pale Maidens." A tufted plant with rush-like leaves, it produces a succession of fragrant blossoms like pendant white satin snowdrops veined with purple, on 12-in. stems. An easy, thrifty plant with a "good expectation of life," "Pale Maidens" has remained in cultivation ever since I introduced it forty-five years ago.



A ROYAL HOMECOMING: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHOSE CARIBBEAN TOUR WAS A PERSONAL TRIUMPH.

The whole country has joined with the Royal family in looking forward to the return of Princess Margaret, only sister of the Queen, at the close of the first official tour in the Commonwealth that she has undertaken by herself, and not in the company of any other member of the Royal family. She was due to leave the Bahamas by air on March 2, and arrive in this country on Thursday, March 3. The Princess has travelled through some of the loveliest islands in the Commonwealth—an exciting and delightful experience—and she

has also successfully carried out an exacting programme of official duties, often in extremely hot and tiring weather. Everywhere her youth and good looks and her Royal grace and charm have won all hearts. Special admiration has been roused by her skill as a public speaker—the excellence of her voice, her good delivery and happy phraseology have all been remarked on. It will be remembered that the Princess left Britain by air on January 31 and began her tour by visiting Trinidad.

Colour photograph by Cecil Beaton.



DETAIL OF THE FRIEZE OF THE GREAT CRATER: IT COMPRISES EIGHT CHARIOTEERS AND CHARIOTS AND SEVEN ARMED WARRIORS APPROACHING TO MOUNT THEM. IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT THE SUBJECT IS "THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES," THE CHARIOT WITHOUT A WARRIOR BEING THAT OF ADRASTUS.



THE BRONZE GODDESS (7½ INS., OR .19 M., HIGH) WHICH CROWNED THE LID OF THE GREATER CRATER. THE RIGHT HAND WAS FOUND INSIDE THE CRATER. PERHAPS IDENTIFIABLE AS HERA OF ARGOS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE LID OF THE CRATER: IT IS PIERCED WITH FINE HOLES AS IF TO BE USED AS A STRAINER. THE TOTAL HEIGHT OF THE CRATER, WITH THE LID AND THE STATUE, IS 5 FT. 4½ INS. (1.64 M.).

Concerning the colossal crater of Vix (whose discovery we reported in our issue of June 13, 1953), M. RENÉ JOFFROY, its discoverer and the Curator of the Museum of Chatillon-sur-Seine, in which it now stands, writes:

THE discovery at Vix (Côte d'Or) in January 1953 of a chariot burial of the first Iron Age, accompanied with funeral furnishings of extraordinary richness, was an archaeological event of considerable importance. The restoration of the objects found being now completed, the study of the principal objects can now be conveniently undertaken. The essential piece is the gigantic bronze crater, whose exact dimensions (with lid and statue) are: weight, 208 kilograms (4 cwt. 11 lb.); height, 1.64 metres (5 ft. 4½ ins.); diameter at

[Continued opposite.

REVEALED IN PRISTINE SPLENDOR AND RICH PATINA: DETAILS OF THE CRATER OF VIX.



MORE THAN 2500 YEARS OLD—THE GREAT BRONZE CRATER OF VIX, THE LARGEST TO HAVE SURVIVED FROM ANCIENT GREECE: RECENTLY FOUND IN THE GRAVE OF A CELTIC PRINCESS IN BURGUNDY.

Continued. the opening, 1 metre (3 ft. 3½ ins.). This vase, the largest that antiquity has bequeathed to us, is remarkably well-preserved and has a beautiful *patina*. The frieze is made up of twenty-three appliqué reliefs, fixed on by means of rivets. On the reverse of the reliefs and on the neck of the *crater* are inscribed Greek letters or craftsman's symbols, to act as mounting marks. The lid is notable for being hollow and pierced with a number of holes in a rose design; and it suggests a sort of strainer. The statuette which surmounts the lid lacked its right hand when first discovered, but this was later found during the sifting of the soil which filled the *crater*. Where was this *crater* made? Some archaeologists have wished to see in it a product of the workshops of Etruria. It is, however, nothing of the kind and it must be attributed to the Greek world—more precisely Laconia, as the stylistic characters witness. It is, however, very probable that it was made not at Sparta itself but rather at a Laconian colony in Magna Græcia, Tarentum. It would seem that the objects found at Vix—that is to say, the *crater*, the Greek cups, the *oinochæ* and the Etruscan bowls—reached the site by way of northern Italy, the passes of the Alps, the Great St. Bernard, the Swiss plateau and the Jura, since this route is signposted by a sufficient number of characteristic finds, whereas the valleys of the Rhône and the Saône

have furnished nothing of the kind. Another important question has been put: why did such precious objects come to this relatively poor corner of Burgundy? Since in those days the Chatillonnais possessed only a little iron, whence did the inhabitants of the Celtic town of Vix derive their wealth? The explanation must be sought in the geographical position of the place and the tin trade. Aristotle at this time speaks of the tin which was sought in the distant Cassiterides and which would have to be brought by way of the Seine—which is navigable only as far as Vix. The *oppidum* of Vix, the terminal-point of the water transport and the beginning of the land transport, must have been a vast market at this junction of two great commercial streams, the one bringing British tin, the other Italo-Greek products; and the Celtic princes who held the town must have been able to enrich themselves considerably, thanks to this traffic. Now the colossal dimensions of the *crater* recall those of an analogous *crater* which Herodotus mentions and which was sent by the Lacedæmonians to Cræsus. The Vix *crater* was perhaps also a kind of diplomatic present from Greek merchants desirous of access to the tin trade. The Vix discoveries have brought new material for the study of a problem which is hardly touched on in Greek literature—the problem of the penetration of Greek influences in the Celtic world.



WEARING THE STANDARD TRAINING SUMMER UNIFORM WHICH ALSO INCLUDES A STRAW HAT: GROUND FORCES OF THE CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY, ON THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA, DOING PHYSICAL TRAINING.



TANKS AND THEIR CREWS: SINCE THE ARRIVAL IN 1950 OF GENERAL CHASE AND HIS MILITARY ADVISORY ASSISTANCE GROUP, THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIONALIST FORCES HAS ENTERED ON A NEW STAGE.



A YOUNG AIR FORCE OFFICER OF THE NATIONALIST FORCES ON FORMOSA UNDER CHIANG KAI-SHEK. ALL NATIONALIST CHINESE MALES BETWEEN THE AGES OF EIGHTEEN AND FORTY-FIVE ARE LIABLE FOR MILITARY SERVICE.



A YOUNG CAPTAIN OF THE TANK CORPS. OLD ARMS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE ARMY, NAVY AND AIR FORCE HAVE BEEN GRADUALLY REPLACED FOLLOWING THE ARRIVAL OF U.S. AID SUPPLIES.



SQUATTING ON THE GROUND IN TYPICAL ORIENTAL STYLE: MEN LISTENING TO A LECTURE. INSTRUCTION ON POLITICAL AS WELL AS MILITARY SUBJECTS IS GIVEN.

"THE POWDER KEG" OF ASIA: TYPICAL CHINESE NATIONALIST TROOPS ON FORMOSA.

Formosa, the 250-mile-long Chinese Nationalist island, has been called "the powder keg" of Asia, owing to the anxiety which the sporadic fighting between Chiang Kai-shek's men and Communist China forces has roused. In our issue of February 5 we illustrated training activities of Nationalists, which are further depicted in our colour photographs. Last year a "New Look" for Chiang Kai-shek's troops was inaugurated. The Taiwan (Formosa) Garrison H.Q. was abolished, and combat soldiers organised into two armies



A SIGNALLER: SIGNALS TO TANK CREWS ARE OFTEN GIVEN BY SIGNAL FLAGS. THE NATIONALIST CHINESE FORCES ARE BEING GIVEN A "NEW LOOK."

poised for defence or invasion, a plan to ensure mobility. In the next three years 100,000 trained reservists will be available. All Chinese Nationalist males between eighteen and forty-five are liable for military service, though overseas Chinese and students receive special consideration. Non-commissioned officers are being introduced for the first time in Chinese history. Vice-President Chen Cheng, addressing a meeting of Chinese editors recently, stated that "We shall not need the help of our Western friends in man-power."

ARCHAEOLOGY IN THE MIDST OF THE TERRORISTS: EXCAVATING AN IMPORTANT STONE AGE SITE IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLES, AT GUA CHA, IN KELANTAN.

By G. de G. Sieveking, Curator of Museums, Federation of Malaya, and M. W. F. Tweedie, Director of the Raffles Museum, Singapore.

(This excavation was initiated by a combined expedition from the Malayan Museums directed by MR. and MRS. G. DE G. SIEVEKING of the National Museum, Kuala Lumpur, and MR. M. W. F. TWEEDIE, the Director of the Raffles Museum, Singapore. All the photographs are by Mr. Tweedie, except Figs. 2, 21 and 22, which are by Mr. Sieveking.)

IN the lowlands and foot-hills of northern and central Malaya, on both sides of the central mountain ranges, the scenery is diversified by precipitous hills of massive limestone, of which caves, rock-shelters and solution hollows of all kinds are an invariable feature.

During a period ranging probably from about the end of the Pleistocene to the beginning of the Christian Era, these rock-shelters were inhabited and frequented by successive cultures of Stone Age men. Unfortunately for the purposes of archaeology, most of them were, and still are, also the home of innumerable bats. The resultant accumulation of guano on their floors has attracted the attention of the local agriculturalists, who remove the cave earth for use as fertilizer. The result is that almost all accessible caves in the inhabited areas have been dug out and despoiled. This is particularly the case in the heavily populated western coastal plain; to find untouched cave sites the prehistorian must now be prepared to venture far into the virgin jungle of the eastern side of the country, where the limestone hills are found in the States of Pahang and Kelantan.

A considerable amount of work has been done on these sites in the past, and the main outlines of Malayan Stone Age archaeology are now well known. The recent excavation at Gua Cha, in Kelantan, has, however, completely eclipsed all previous discoveries in this field, both by the completeness of the succession of later Stone Age industries revealed, and by the beauty and variety of the artifacts found, particularly those of the Neolithic.

Gua Cha is a rock-shelter situated on the western bank of the River Nenggiri, well up towards its head-waters.

The area is frequented by bands of Communist terrorists, and only the very fortunate chance that a jungle police post was established on the bank of the river, almost opposite the site, made the prospect of

were found. The culture was first recognised in Tonkin, in Indo-China, at the type site from which it derives its name. The bearers of this culture were hunters and food-gatherers in a very primitive stage of social development. The only artifacts preserved in these layers are the stone tools (Fig. 3), of which the most characteristic is an ovoid biface made by flaking a river pebble. In appearance this tool is not unlike the middle Acheulian or, alternatively, the cordiform Mousterian hand-axes of the European industries.

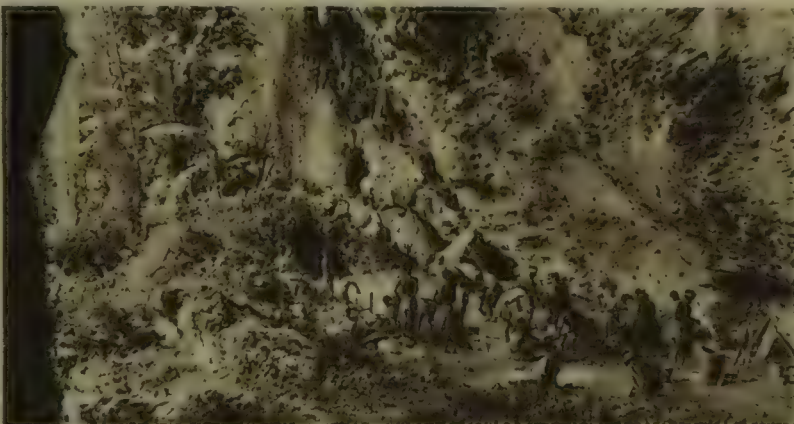


FIG. 1. THE GUA CHA SITE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE EXCAVATIONS: IT LIES ON THE RIVER NENGGIRI, IN KELANTAN, IN HANDIT-INFESTED COUNTRY, AND PRACTICALLY ALL THE EXCAVATION WAS DONE BY A LABOUR FORCE OF TEMIAR ABORIGINES, RECRUITED AND TRAINED AT THE SITE.

However, as flint is not found in Malaya, these tools are made of a variety of inferior cherts and other rock types, and thus generally appear cruder and less well-finished than the European tools. An extremely large and complete stone industry, numbering some thousands of finished implements and waste material from their manufacture, was recovered at Gua Cha, and it will thus be possible to make a survey of the lithic element of the Hoabinhian culture in its entirety, which has not been previously attempted.

The Hoabinhian of Gua Cha is remarkable for the fine preservation of bone. A rich fauna was discovered and also the remains of more than fourteen individuals. The best collections of human remains were the individual contracted burials, of which one is illustrated here (Fig. 2), and this method of burial was presumably typical of the Hoabinhian. However, other deliberate burials of portions of a number of different individuals in one place also occurred, as at other Hoabinhian sites in the Malay Peninsula, and these latter show traces of fire. Though no deliberate splitting of bones for marrow has yet been observed (for the collection has still to be studied under laboratory conditions), the possibility that the Hoabinhians were practising cannibals cannot be ruled out of account.

The fauna associated with the Mesolithic stone industry was unusual, since it consisted almost entirely of the skulls and jaw-bones of a large pig, probably *Sus barbatus*, though isolated teeth and bones representing rhinoceros, and a large bovid (possibly the Seladang *Bos gaurus*) were also present. In Malaya and Indo-China Hoabinhian tools are usually found in caves associated with midden deposits, consisting of univalve shells, with their apex broken to extract the animal living inside, and it is presumed that these molluscs formed their principal article of diet. At Gua Cha none of these shells were discovered, and the mammalian remains were located in a narrow-horizon in the cave deposits, which suggests that they were the products of one or two seasons' hunting by the Hoabinhians. At this point in the excavation the floor of the cave appeared to be literally carpeted with pig jaw-bones, teeth and pieces of skull (Fig. 22). A knowledge of the present-day migratory habits of the Bearded Pig of Borneo offers us one explanation of the remarkable uniformity of the Hoabinhian fauna from this site. They are known to travel great distances in these migrations, and when herds of some size are travelling by a certain route, the Dyak hunters wait for them on the river banks, and while the animals are swimming across, descend and slaughter them in large numbers. At Gua Cha we have perhaps an example of such a killing, dating from prehistoric times.

In the more recent levels of the rock-shelter at Gua Cha, a formally Neolithic cemetery and occupation layers were discovered. The Neolithic burials seem, in general, to have been placed immediately below the level of the cave floor inhabited at the time, and thus occur at all levels, the earliest being cut into the Hoabinhian habitation deposits beneath (Fig. 22), and the latest occurring just below the present surface. The skeletal remains recovered from these burials show that the bearers of this Malayan Neolithic

culture (as it is called at present) belonged to a different race of people from their Hoabinhian predecessors. Apart from the Melanesoid characteristics of the Mesolithic skeletons, the most immediately apparent difference is one of height, and the general size of the skeletal material. Whereas the Hoabinhian people were mostly well over 5 ft. 6 ins. in height, with large, heavy limb-bones and skulls, the Neolithic people were never over 5 ft. high and had a small, fine-boned structure not unlike those of the present-day Temiar aborigines, who were employed on the excavation at Gua Cha. This is the first time that skeletons indubitably associated with Neolithic artifacts have been recovered in Malaya.

In the excavation the Malayan Neolithic burials were immediately distinguishable from the earlier occupants of the rock-shelter, since they were buried in an extended position, parallel to the rear wall of the rock-shelter. These peoples also observed the custom of making full material provision for existence in the

next world, and by far the most spectacular results of the excavation were provided by the grave furniture accompanying their burials. The most conspicuous item is the pottery (Figs. 7, 11-20). Over a hundred complete Malayan Neolithic vessels were found in the excavation and very nearly all of them were associated with the burials, some grave associations containing as many as ten vessels, placed upon the legs and stomach of the individual, as well as beyond the head and feet (Fig. 21).

Other items of grave furniture included small adzes and chisels of highly polished stone, with a quadrangular cross section and bevelled working edges (Figs. 8-10), and bark cloth beaters (Figs. 4 and 5), usually

found in a position which showed that they were worn slung around the waists, and long, polished stone axes and adzes, found beneath the arms or in the hands of the departed.

Ornaments also accompanied most of the Neolithic burials. The first skeleton to be encountered had a pair of stone bangles, one held in the fingers of each hand (Fig. 23). Round the neck of the second was a series of small stone beads, while two other burials had a flanged bracelet of polished stone or jadeite encircling each right forearm (Figs. 25 and 26). Among the other ornaments and implements which were



FIG. 2. A CONTRACTED MESOLITHIC (OR HOABINHIAN) BURIAL EXCAVATED AT GUA CHA. THESE PEOPLE WERE OF A DIFFERENT RACE FROM THE NEOLITHIC PEOPLES WHO FOLLOWED THEM, BEING CONSIDERABLY TALLER AND WITH HEAVIER BONES.

excavating feasible. A strong police escort accompanied the expedition, and safe and comfortable quarters were provided within the barbed-wire perimeter of the post. Contact with the outside world could be maintained by radio, and provisions for the expedition were included in the weekly air-drop, by which the post is maintained.

The Gua Cha excavation lasted six weeks, and was carried out almost entirely by a labour force of Temiar aborigines, who were recruited and trained at the site (Fig. 1). Over 2400 sq. ft. of deposit were removed from the rock-shelter, representing about nine-tenths of the available area of excavation. A 30-ft. square sounding, carried down to bed rock, took up the first three weeks of the excavation. This revealed for the first time in Malaya a clearly stratified succession of Stone Age industries. Two further soundings were excavated simultaneously, and subsequently to the first, and added considerably to our knowledge of these industries.

In the deeper layers of cave earth, abundant remains of a Mesolithic culture known as the Hoabinhian

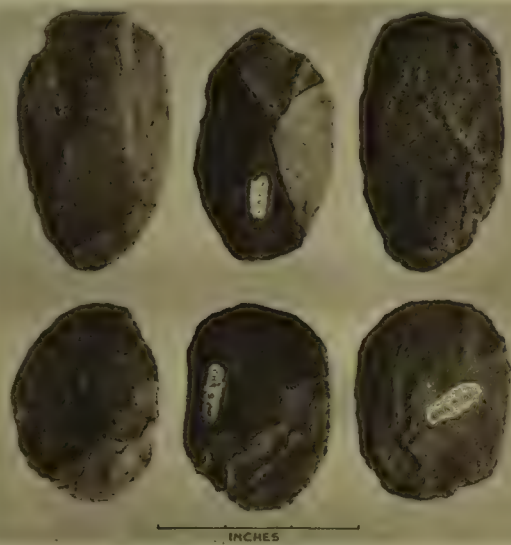


FIG. 3. A SERIES OF STONE TOOLS OF THE MESOLITHIC INHABITANTS OF GUA CHA.

These tools are made from a variety of inferior cherts and other rock types. Considerable differentiation in the stone working techniques in use among the hunter-fishers was noted at the site. Tools were manufactured both from large flakes and from roughly-dressed cores, and apart from the type tool (the ovoid biface made by flaking a river pebble), other instruments such as scrapers and picks were present in considerable numbers.

discovered, the use of sea shells is especially notable, since the site of Gua Cha lies far inland. A necklace or breastplate of sea shells was found with one burial (Fig. 24), while in several others, either placed with the pots or actually in the hand of the skeleton, was a single valve of a large mussel (*Mytilus viridis* L.). The shape and size of these shells, and the way in which they were disposed, suggests strongly that they were used as spoons.

The Neolithic discoveries which have been briefly reviewed will, after further scientific examination, offer valuable evidence as to the origins, the cultural connections, and the way of life of the Malayan Neolithic peoples. A similar Neolithic cemetery was discovered by accident in 1951, during guano excavations in Perlis, and has not yet been published. Apart from this discovery, Malayan Neolithic remains consist of a vast number of small fragments of pottery from the caves, and large collections of stone tools found in rivers.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE GRAVE GOODS OF THE NEOLITHIC MALAYANS: ELEGANT POTTERY AND POLISHED STONE IMPLEMENTS.



FIGS. 4 AND 5. A NEOLITHIC BARK-CLOTH BEATER (LEFT) OF STONE WITH (RIGHT) A CROSS-HATCHED FACE. IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT THESE BEATERS WERE SUSPENDED ROUND THE WAISTS OF THE DEAD.



FIG. 6. A NEOLITHIC POT-STAND OF RED WARE. FOUND WITH A BOWL RESTING IN IT. $5\frac{1}{2}$ INS. HIGH.



FIG. 7. A NEOLITHIC BEAKER, TIPPED TO SHOW THE COMPLEX INCISED PATTERN. DIAMETER AT RIM, $8\frac{1}{2}$ INS.



FIG. 8. THREE SMALL, POLISHED STONE ADZE-HEADS OF FINE WORKMANSHIP, TYPICAL TOOLS OF THE NEOLITHIC INHABITANTS OF GUA CHA. FOUND AS GRAVE FURNITURE.

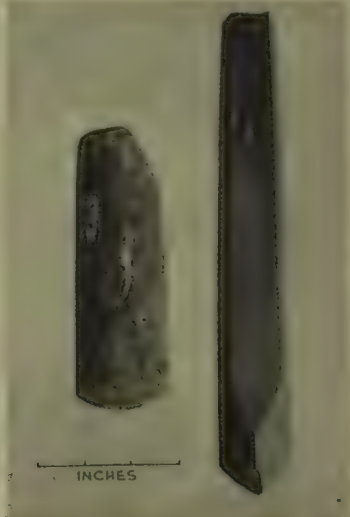
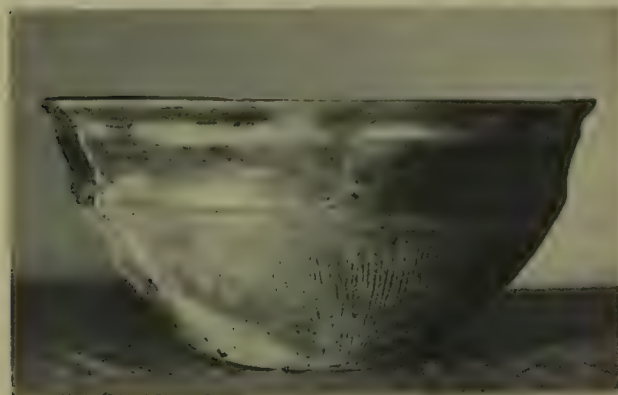


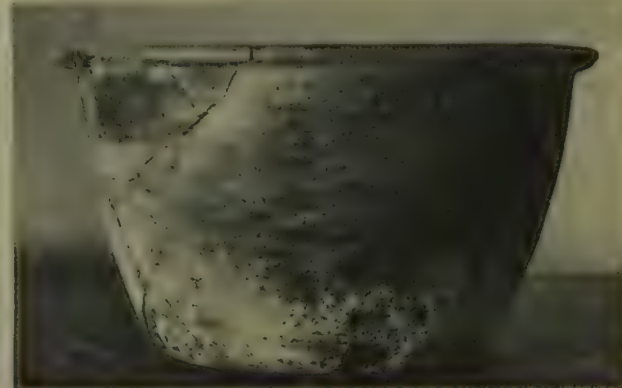
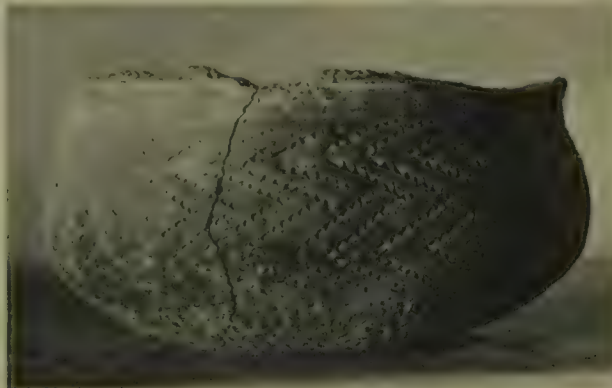
FIG. 9. TWO LARGER POLISHED NEOLITHIC TOOLS, THE BEAKED ADZE (RIGHT) BEING NOTEWORTHY.



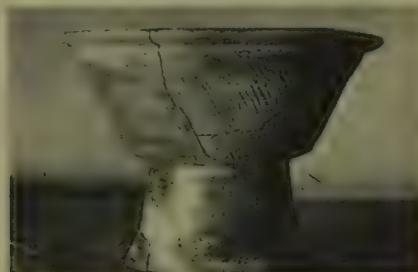
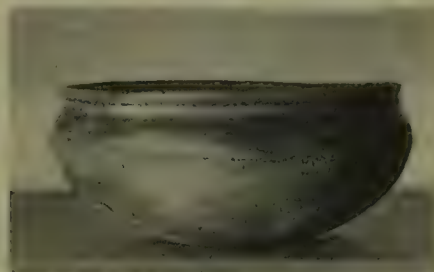
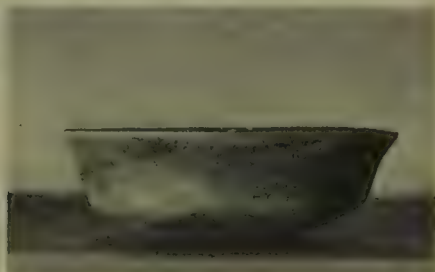
FIG. 10. THREE DIMINUTIVE NEOLITHIC STONE IMPLEMENTS, CHISELS OR ADZE-HEADS. THE TOOLS SHOWN HERE AND IN FIGS. 8 AND 9, ALTHOUGH OF DIFFERENT SIZES, ARE OF EQUALLY HIGH FINISH.



FIGS. 11 TO 13. TYPICAL CORD-IMPRESSED NEOLITHIC POTS: A BOWL, A BAG-SHAPED BOWL AND A FOOTED DISH. RIM DIAMETERS: (11) 12 INS.; (12) 6 INS.; (13) $5\frac{1}{2}$ INS.



FIGS. 14 TO 16. FIG. 14, A BUCKET-LIKE VESSEL PIERCED NEAR RIM, 9 INS. DIAM.; FIG. 15, A BOWL WITH INCISED PATTERN, $6\frac{3}{4}$ INS. DIAM.; FIG. 16, RED WARE, $10\frac{1}{2}$ INS. DIAM.



FIGS. 17 TO 20. VARIOUS NEOLITHIC DISHES OF SOPHISTICATED FORM AND ORNAMENT. RIM DIAMETERS: (17) $8\frac{1}{2}$ INS.; (18) $8\frac{1}{2}$ INS.; (19) $8\frac{1}{2}$ INS.; (20) 9 INS.

Continued from previous page.

Certain provisional conclusions can be drawn from the specimens illustrated with this article. The pottery is sophisticated, both in form and ornament (Figs. 7, 11 to 20). It belongs to a group of cord-ornamented wares well known in China

and South-East Asia. The Malayan vessels do not consist, as was once thought, solely of round-bottomed vessels impressed all over with cord ornamentation, save on the rim. Footed vessels, pot-stands, pots with suspension holes beneath

[Continued opposite.]

ELABORATE BURIALS OF STONE AGE MALAYA AND THEIR STONE ORNAMENTS.



FIG. 21. A NEOLITHIC BURIAL OF GUA CHA, WITH POTS AT HEAD AND FOOT—MODERN BUCKET IN BACKGROUND. NOTE STONE BRACELET, AND CHISELS ON PELVIS.



FIG. 22. ANOTHER NEOLITHIC BURIAL, PARTIALLY UNCOVERED. THIS HAD BEEN BURIED IN AN EARLIER, MESOLITHIC, LEVEL, TO WHICH THE FIG-BONES (R. AND L.) BELONG.

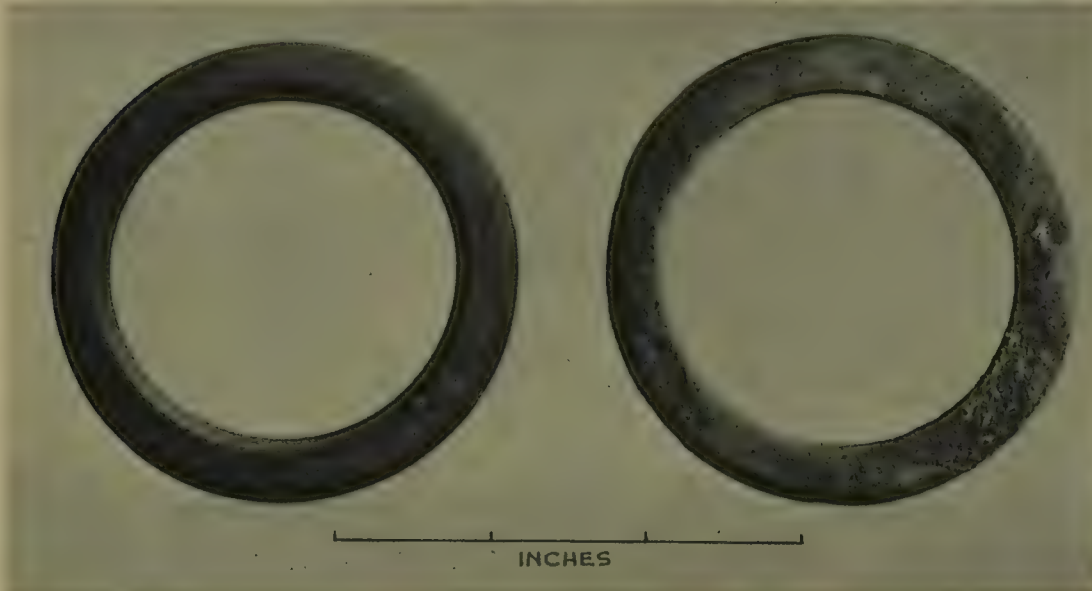
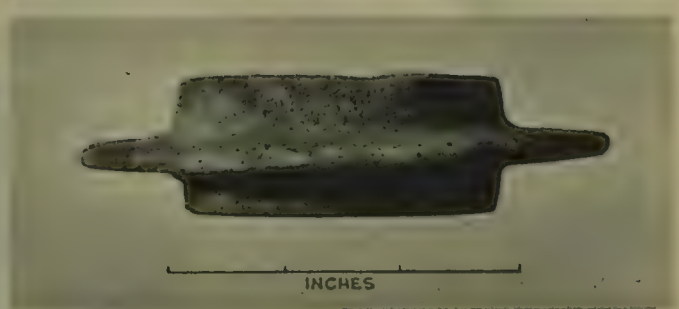
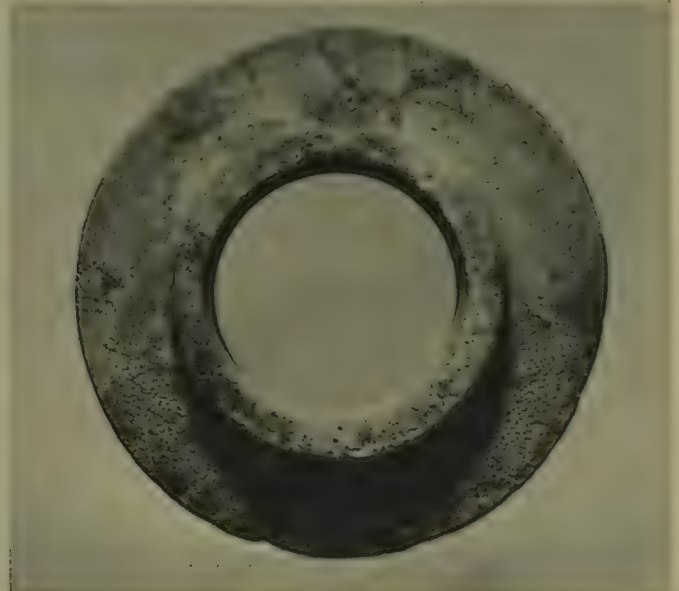


FIG. 23. A PAIR OF POLISHED STONE RINGS OR BANGLES FOUND HELD IN THE HANDS OF ONE OF THE NEOLITHIC BURIALS OF GUA CHA. SOME OF THESE RINGS AND BRACELETS WERE MADE OF JADEITE.



FIGS. 25 AND 26. TOP AND SIDE VIEWS OF A FLANGED BRACELET OF LIMESTONE, WHICH WAS FOUND ENCIRCLING THE FOREARM OF ONE OF THE NEOLITHIC SKELETONS OF GUA CHA. COMPARE FIGS. 21 AND 22.



FIG. 24. ONE OF A SERIES OF SHELL PENDANTS WHICH MADE UP A NECKLACE FOUND ROUND THE NECK OF ONE OF THE NEOLITHIC BURIALS. ELSEWHERE HALF MUSSEL-SHELLS, PERHAPS USED AS SPOONS, WERE FOUND, PLACED IN OR BESIDE THE HANDS OF THE DEAD.

Continued.
the rim, are extremely common. The collection includes both hand-made and wheel-turned pottery, all fashioned of the same ware and fired in the same way, with no distinction as to age. Finally, many vessels have markedly angular designs and forms of decoration which suggest metallic inspiration in their designs. Malayan Neolithic pottery is therefore a late descendant of the cord-ornamented ware group, known from China in the Chou period. The flanged stone bracelets found with the burials at Gua Cha also suggest cultural connections with China, since they resemble certain Pi bracelets of polished jade known from the Chinese prehistoric period. Such bracelets have also been found in Indo-China associated with comparable polished adzes and cord-ornamented pottery; while in burials of the Hong Kong Culture they are found in association with pottery of the Han Dynasty. It seems likely, therefore, that many of the cultural connections of these Malayan Neolithic peoples came, as might have been expected, from the nearest centre of civilisation to Malaya in the north-east. The dates between which these groups of settlers inhabited Malaya are as yet undetermined. They are spoken of as belonging to a formally Neolithic state of culture since they are

agriculturalists, knowing neither the use of bronze nor iron. Yet their pottery and stone tools show definite metallic inspiration, and there are other very strong indications that they may belong to the very end of an ancient cultural tradition in the Far East. The most important evidence comes from the pottery imports found in association or in direct stratigraphical contiguity with the Malayan Neolithic at Gua Cha and at the site discovered in Perlis in 1951. Fragments of fine black ware, Greek or Attic pottery dating from the fourth to the second centuries B.C., have been recovered from both these sites alongside Malayan Neolithic pottery. Finally, in a layer directly superimposed on the latest Neolithic at Gua Cha there occurred a hearth containing fragments of green glazed stoneware provisionally identified as Tang ware imported from China. Their stratigraphical position suggests that no long time can have elapsed between the departure of the Malayan Neolithic peoples and the arrival of the Chinese explorers. It is hoped that when charcoal samples from the Hoabinhian and Neolithic levels in Gua Cha have been analysed by the radio-carbon technique, we may be able to know the exact dates at which these peoples inhabited Malaya.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TALKING OF TEAPOTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

method was clearly complicated and expensive, so that it is not surprising that this kind of solid agate was not manufactured over a lengthy period. The same effect was produced more cheaply in due course by surface printing, and the fashion seems to have lasted down to the 1780's.

Not unnaturally, current silver shapes were adapted to pottery or porcelain techniques, and, in addition

colours. And that reminds me that an august and decidedly ponderous shade possibly wandered into the auction room when this collection was sold; if my memory is not at fault, Pembroke College, Oxford, treasures a large Worcester teapot which tradition says belonged to Dr. Johnson. It was on loan a year or so ago at the Exhibition of Treasures from Oxford Colleges at Goldsmiths Hall. If incorrigible drinkers of tea and absorbers of tannin want a patron saint, there, surely, is their man. What says Boswell? "I suppose no person ever enjoyed with more relish the infusion of that fragrant leaf than Johnson. The quantities which he drank of it at all hours were so great, that his nerves must have been uncommonly strong not to have been extremely relaxed by such an intemperate use of it. He assured me, that he never felt the least inconvenience from it."

However, if Worcester of this simpler sort is not quite to your taste, there are numerous teapots from other porcelain factories, including five from Chelsea, and of these my vote would go to Fig. 3, the hexagonal teapot and cover with the raised anchor mark, with its admirably composed decoration. These two happen to be exactly the same height, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins., and, to my mind, indicate to perfection with what understanding these early decorators had absorbed the spirit of their Chinese and Japanese models, not covering the whole area at their disposal with a pattern, but making use of empty space to accentuate a sparse and delicate design. Beside them, the pottery pieces look a little like overdressed poor relations, just as one or two of the porcelain items look like overdressed rich relations. But who are we to be so infernally condescending?

The point about this remarkable collection, of which this sale is just the first portion, which means, I suppose, that in due course another hundred or more pieces will come under the hammer, is that it contains not just a dozen or so exceptionally elegant teapots, but pretty well every type manufactured, whether in pottery or porcelain, during the eighteenth century, and the finest and the rarest. It is, in short, a documented history of the industry illustrated by authentic examples; beginning at the beginning—that is, with the red ware, which the Elers brothers, two enterprising Dutchmen, made in imitation of the red stoneware teapots which were coming in from Canton early in the century, and going on, via Astbury and Whieldon and the Staffordshire salt-glaze potters, to Wedgwood, and so to the porcelain factories, not omitting Leeds creamware nor those agreeably naive productions from Lowestoft, of which Fig. 4 is a dated example.

Of several oddities—oddities, that is, to modern eyes—Fig. 5, a rare Ralph Wood teapot, seems to me particularly engaging, partly, I suppose, because of its pear-shape, but mainly on account of the moulded leaves of green, yellow and cream on a dappled-grey glaze; a rustic notion, without doubt, but with possibilities, and a jewel of classic taste beside one of its very rare, wonderful and famous neighbours—a Whieldon-Wedgwood rustic teapot moulded as a tree-

trunk, with a medallion portrait of the King of Prussia stuck on to it; one of those things which are extremely interesting as examples of the development of a great industry, but which makes complete nonsense of any theory that the eighteenth century was exclusively the age of reason and of elegance, and that monstrosities in the arts and crafts were not seen in these islands until the reign of Queen Victoria.



FIG. 1. SUPPORTED ON THREE LION'S MASK AND PAW FEET IN SILVER PATTERN STYLE; A FINELY-VEINED AGATE WARE TEAPOT AND COVER. (Height $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)
The veining of this agate ware teapot and cover, carried out in shades of blue, brown, grey and pink, is unusually soft.



FIG. 2. PAINTED ON THE SIDES WITHIN PANELS WITH CHINESE FLOWERS: AN EARLY BLUE-AND-WHITE WORCESTER OCTAGONAL TEAPOT AND COVER. (Height $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)
The six panels on the sides of this early Worcester octagonal teapot and cover of silver pattern are painted with Chinese flowers and *shan shui*.



FIG. 3. SUPERBLY DECORATED IN KAKIEMON STYLE; A FINE QUALITY CHELSEA HEXAGONAL TEAPOT AND COVER. RAISED ANCHOR PERIOD. (Height $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)
On one side of this teapot a *feng* bird is shown perched on a pine tree; and on the other its companion in flight is depicted pursuing insects.



FIG. 4. PAINTED ON THE REVERSE SIDE WITH FLORAL SPRAYS: A RARE INSCRIBED BLUE-AND-WHITE LOWESTOFT TEAPOT AND COVER. (Height 6 ins.)
This inscribed blue-and-white Lowestoft teapot and cover has a floral wreath border round the shoulders and a different matching trellis border.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING TEAPOTS OF THIS TYPE LEFT IN THIS COUNTRY: A RALPH WOOD PEAR-SHAPED TEAPOT WITH DOMED COVER. (Height $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins.)
This very rare teapot, with domed cover and rustic handle and spout, is covered with a dappled-grey glaze, the body moulded in low relief with green, yellow and cream-tinted leaves.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Sotheby's.

TEA has been much in the news lately, what with questions in the House, bricks (tea-bricks?) dropped by the Prime Minister of Ceylon, counter-statements by the Tea Trade, and so forth. Two things occur to me. The first is a question: how did this country carry on for so many centuries without its cup o' char? The second is an idea for a really exhaustive tea dictionary, which should contain, among 10,000 other items, the following:

Tea: Sergeant-Major's. A brew of such consistency that a spoon will stand upright in it.

Tea: Quartermaster-Sergeant's. As above, plus rum.

Tea: Office. An anemic mixture with a delicate taste of dish-cloth.

Neatly timed amid all this hullabaloo was a sale at Sotheby's fixed for last Tuesday, of a well-known collection of English teapots, both pottery and porcelain, belonging to the Rev. C. J. Sharp, many of which will have been seen by a far wider circle than normally takes an interest in such things, as they have been loaned to various exhibitions at the Tea Bureau. I rather imagine that, to the unaccustomed eye, the first sight of the catalogue must give something of the same impression as the first sight of that odd experiment in still-life painting by the late Sir William Nicholson, "The Hundred Jugs," which belongs to the Corporation of Liverpool; so many jugs that you have to look closely to distinguish between them.

The expert will, perhaps, say that nothing is easier than to tell the difference between the various factory styles, and, of course, that is true enough once you have taken pains to delve into the subject, which is not without its obscurities; whether what follows will satisfy either the expert or the layman is another matter. What would satisfy me would be the chance that the few photographs here might help someone to identify great-great-grand-mother's teapot, which happens to have remained in the family. Much early Staffordshire pottery is clumsy in form because these rustic makers were fond of torturing the clay into shapes for which it was unfitted; for a good, clean, sensible shape, well-designed for its purpose, Fig. 1 would be hard to beat. It is far less dull than would appear in the illustration, because of the soft browns, blues, greys and pinks of the pattern, which has always been known as agate ware. By an odd chance, though there is no possible connection, this marbled appearance was in favour during the Chinese T'ang Dynasty (618-906 A.D.).

In England agate ware is generally credited to two notable fathers of their craft, Astbury and Whieldon; the former is thought to have specialised in figures, the latter in table-ware.

Early agate—the date is probably in the 1740's—was solid, and formed of several layers of variously coloured clays; these were doubled up or rolled over, and the whole mass cut through with a wire—the more cuts the finer the veining. The next trouble, I'm told, was to keep the marble pattern intact; if the mass of clay thus carefully prepared was dealt with on the wheel, the strata of colours would be mixed up, so thin slices or *bats* were cut off and pressed into a mould. The

to Fig. 1, a very charming example of such a silver shape is seen in Fig. 2—a gem of a piece to my mind—early Worcester in blue and white, octagonal, and painted on six panels with Chinese scenes, the cover painted with a boating subject on one side and with a boy and a bird on the other; but I'm prejudiced about this Worcester blue-and-white porcelain, finding it in many ways superior, because so much less fussy than the more elaborate painted pieces in many



"THERE'S LANGUAGE IN HER EYE, HER CHEEK, HER LIP, NAY, HER FOOT SPEAKS": DAME EDITH EVANS, D.B.E., ONE OF THE GREATEST AND MOST VERSATILE ACTRESSES IN ENGLISH STAGE HISTORY.

The range of Dame Edith Evans' art is illimitable. She has played most of Shakespeare's heroines, and her "Nurse" in "Romeo and Juliet" was masterly. She was a superb Lady Bracknell in "The Importance of Being Earnest" on stage and screen, and has created Shavian rôles; but is at her greatest in Restoration comedies. Mr. J. C. Trewin in his book "Edith Evans" writes: "Other players have explored the Restoration. One feels that Edith Evans has always been there before them. . . . She can let a sentence stream out upon the air, a silken scarf unfurling in a light wind. She can let the voice crackle exquisitely through an intricate pattern, a mazy damascene or else flash a speech home with a thrust-and-twist. . . ." Apprenticed in her teens to a milliner, after a performance with the Streatham Shakespeare

Players, she was given the part of Cressida in a production for the Elizabethan State Society—and the milliner became an actress. The way to fame was long. Just before 1914 she was earning £2 10s. a week, and it was not until 1924 that her Millamant in "The Way of the World" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, brought her genius general recognition. Since then she has made successes in countless parts. Her post-war triumphs include Helen Lancaster in "Waters of the Moon" (1951), Lady Pitts in "Daphne Laureola" (1949), and Countess Rosmarin in Fry's "The Dark is Light Enough" (1954). She was created a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire in 1946, and has been honoured by a triple crown of Hon. Doctorates, from Oxford (1954), Cambridge (1951) and London (1950).

EXCLUSIVE PORTRAIT STUDY BY KARSH OF OTTAWA.



IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S WEST END: THE WESTBURY HOTEL AT THE CORNER OF BOND STREET AND CONDUIT STREET, AS SEEN IN AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION.



AS IT APPEARS DURING THE DAY: A TWIN-BEDDED ROOM TRANSFORMED INTO A LIVING-ROOM FOR ENTERTAINING FRIENDS OR BUSINESS ASSOCIATES.



AS IT APPEARS AT NIGHT: THE TWIN-BEDDED ROOM, WITH THE DAYTIME SETTEES AS DIVAN BEDS. ALL THE 219 BEDROOMS HAVE A BATH AND SHOWER.



THE BOMB-SITE ON WHICH THE WESTBURY HOTEL NOW STANDS: A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCENE AS IT APPEARED ONLY TWENTY MONTHS AGO.



ARRANGED FOR A PRIVATE DINNER-PARTY: THE ELEGANT REGENCY ROOM, WHERE T.A. IS SERVED EACH DAY. MOST OF THE PUBLIC ROOMS ARE ON THE GROUND FLOOR AND ALL ARE AIR-CONDITIONED.



DESTINED TO BE A FASHIONABLE LONDON MEETING-PLACE: ON ITS FAMOUS COUNTERPART IN



THE GAY AND MODERN POLO BAR WHICH IS MODELED AFTER THE WESTBURY HOTEL, NEW YORK.



IN THE GLEAMING NEW KITCHENS: M. MARIUS DUTREY, THE FAMOUS MAÎTRE-CHEF, WHO HAS COME OUT OF RETIREMENT TO SUPERVISE THE CUISINE, CONSULTING WITH HIS ASSISTANTS.



IN ONE OF THE TWO PENTHOUSE SUITES ON THE TOP FLOOR: A VIEW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM. THESE SUITES HAVE THEIR OWN PRIVATE TERRACES.



A TYPICAL "WESTBURY ROOM": ONE OF THE SINGLE BEDROOMS WHICH HAVE BEEN SPECIALLY DESIGNED TO BE LIVING-ROOMS BY DAY. EACH ROOM HAS A DIFFERENT COLOUR SCHEME.



WITH BUILT-IN WARDROBES AND A RECESSED DRESSING-TABLE TO MAKE THE ROOM MORE SPACIOUS: ANOTHER VIEW OF ONE OF THE "WESTBURY" OR SINGLE BEDROOMS.



WITH FRENCH WINDOWS LEADING ON TO A ROOF-TOP TERRACE: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF ONE OF THE SUITES ON THE SEVENTH FLOOR, IN WHICH TELEVISION IS A STANDARD FITTING.

THE FIRST AMERICAN HOTEL EVER BUILT IN LONDON: VIEWS OF THE WESTBURY,

On March 1 Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, President of the Board of Trade, and Mr. Winthrop W. Aldrich, the United States Ambassador, arranged to open the West End's first new hotel for over twenty years, and the first American hotel ever to be built in London. The hotel, which is on the corner of Bond Street and Conduit Street, was only a bomb-site twenty-one months ago; to-day it is an impressive seven-storey building combining American standards of comfort and service with all that is best in English hotel tradition. The Westbury, which

has been designed by Mr. Michael Rosenauer, F.R.I.B.A., for Knott Hotels Corporation of America, has most of the public rooms—all of which are air-conditioned—on the ground floor. There are 219 bedrooms, each with bath and shower, and fitted with radio and adapters for American-style shavers. The single rooms particularly set a new style in hotel bedroom design, for all are furnished to give the effect by day of sitting-rooms, so that they provide suitable surroundings for guests to confer with their business associates or to entertain their friends. Meals

IN BOND STREET—THE WEST END'S FIRST NEW HOTEL FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS.

can be served in the rooms at any time from 7.30 a.m. to 10.30 p.m., and a twenty-four-hour laundry and valet service is available. There are double bedrooms and twin-bedded rooms, some of them being designed to be both bedrooms and living-rooms. The beds move back to the wall, to which is fixed an upholstered backboard, so that one sees a room with two settees, one against each wall. In each of the bedrooms there is a television aerial socket, television not being provided as standard equipment—except in the living-rooms of the suites—but only when

requested. The kitchens, which are on the ground-floor, incorporate all the latest labour-saving and hygienic equipment. There are separate rooms for such work as the preparation of vegetables and the washing of dishes, and the staff, most of whom are British, have a well-equipped and comfortable canteen. Upper-floor kitchens have been eliminated by the provision of special trolleys, which are heated and in which the food is carried to the required room. This large hotel, which will soon become a familiar London landmark, cost 3,000,000 dollars to build.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



ELEPHANT shrews are found all over Africa, from the Cape to Algeria. Also known as jumping shrews, they occupy a family distinct from the common shrew, and they differ from all other insectivores in their very long legs and somewhat kangaroo-like mode of progression. The hind-legs are markedly longer than the front legs, and when moving at their characteristic lightning-like speed only the hind-legs are used, with the scaly tail held up at a slant. When feeding or moving in a leisurely fashion all four legs come into action. In their habits, therefore, they more nearly resemble the jerboas. None is larger than a fair-sized rat, the fur being usually fawn or brown and uniformly coloured, although some species are spotted or otherwise patterned on the back, like the chequered elephant shrews of the Congo forest, fawn or buff with black-and-white "draught-board" marks on the back. The black and red elephant shrews, of the coastal belt of Zanzibar and East Africa, also live in the forests, but for the most part these elephant shrews inhabit the broken, stony ground in the drier parts of Africa, outside the forest belt.

Speaking of a particular species of elephant shrew found on the whole highveld of the Transvaal, van der Horst says it "is a common animal in suitable localities, yet it is not easy to see and even more difficult to catch. It can be expected at any place where large, loose stones and boulders provide it with shelter in horizontal fissures and crevices. Being diurnal in habit, it likes to sit in the sun on top of the stones, but as soon as anything suspicious approaches it dashes off to hide itself underneath the stones. The animal's eyesight seems to be good, so that it usually observes one approaching before one is aware of its presence. Sometimes one can succeed in catching an animal by turning over the stones; mostly, however, the stones are too large. And even if the stone is not too large the animal mostly succeeds in escaping underneath the next boulder." In this we have a picture of a wary, very active and alert animal. Two features contribute to this: the large eyes, unusual in insectivores, which include shrews, hedgehogs and moles, and the elongated, tapering and highly sensitive snout.

Not a great deal is known about the habits of the elephant shrews. Their food is mainly insect, locusts figuring prominently in their diet, and some vegetable matter. The insects are sought under stones, or under dried leaves by the forest-dwelling forms, the long, sensitive snout being used in the manner of a probe. They are said to utter a low scolding sound when "angry" and to tap on the ground with the hind-feet.

ELEPHANT SHREWS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

long-tailed field-mouse, is of boxing, but whereas in the field-mouse this seems to be play and no more, in elephant shrews it results in the fore-paws of the combatants becoming filled with hair. Whether this indicates a natural bellicosity or not is impossible to say.

The breeding habits of elephant shrews are better known. The life-span of an individual, as in true shrews, is short, apparently little more than thirteen months, although in the Frankfurt Zoo two North African jumping shrews lived three years four months and two years four months, respectively. These figures represent, in all probability, the unusual prolongation of life already recorded for many other zoo animals. Sexual maturity appears to be reached at the age of five to six weeks, and the two young are born two



FOUND ONLY IN AFRICA, FROM THE CAPE TO ALGERIA: AN ELEPHANT OR JUMPING SHREW (*Elephantus fuscipes*) FROM CENTRAL AFRICA. ELEPHANT SHREWS ARE FOUND MORE ESPECIALLY ON DRY, STONY GROUND, WHERE THEY LIVE AMONG THE ROCKS AND BOULDERS, FEEDING MAINLY ON INSECTS.

Although there is this family distinction between elephant shrews and the true shrews, it is founded upon anatomical details rather than temperament and general habits. Shrews in general appear to be more vicious towards their fellows than are the rodents they superficially resemble. The common shrew has a reputation for evil which is embodied in legends of great antiquity, and it is possible that their behaviour, one towards the other, has done much to engender these beliefs. In addition, it has been established in recent years that several species of North American shrews have a venom comparable to that of poisonous

months later, an unusually long period of gestation. The newly-born elephant shrews are of large size. In a species in which the adults are hardly as large as a medium-sized rat, the infants may be 2 ins. long in the body, fully furred, with eyes open, able to run about immediately after being born, and able to forage for themselves soon after this. Much remains yet to be learned, but it would seem that the period of suckling is short and that there may be a period when the maternal milk is supplemented by independent feeding. There is, however, this feature, which elephant shrews share with many rodents, that the maternal teats are used for the transport of the young. In connection with this we have the quite remarkable observation set on record by Fitzsimons, that van Musschenbrock once caught a female with two young, which he was able to keep in captivity, and therefore under observation. He found that the two teats lie just over the shoulder-blades, and that when alarmed the young shrews seized a teat and were thus transported by the mother in her lightning-like leaps over the rocks. Moreover, it was noticed that, in moments of alarm, the mother would wait for the young to fasten on to her before dashing away.

The mechanics of this method of transport are so remarkable that I suspected an error of observation. Being unable to find any further reference to this in the literature, I enlisted the aid of Mr. R. W. Hayman, of the British Museum (Natural History), who kindly sought these structures in preserved specimens. Under the low-power binocular it was just possible to see the teat, of very small size, hidden among the fur, and not at all easy to find, and located over the shoulder-blades—that is, high up on the flanks just behind the upper extremities of the fore-limbs. We may take it, therefore, that van Musschenbrock's observation, was fully reliable.

How far this method of transporting the well-grown young constitutes a burden is difficult to say, but van Musschenbrock leaves us with the impression that the mother moves as if unimpeded and that the youngsters suffer little shock at being carried through the air and landed violently some distance from the starting-point. This leads us to suppose that there must be in this manoeuvre something of the same beautifully synchronised co-ordination that was described for the true shrews on this page on February 5 last. If the method is burdensome, then it is one that the female shrew must endure three times in her comparatively short lifetime, for van der Horst has shown that she has normally three litters, and that each birth is followed closely by renewed mating.



ESPECIALLY REMARKABLE FOR ITS LONG, SENSITIVE SNOOT AND ITS ABILITY TO ESCAPE BY LONG LEAPS: THE ELEPHANT OR JUMPING SHREW, WHICH MOVES WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE RAPIDITY, USING THE LONG HIND-LEGS IN KANGAROO-FASHION, WITH THE SCALY TAIL HELD UP AT A SLANT.

Photographs by courtesy of l'Institut des Parcs Nationaux du Congo-Belge.

If for "angry" we read "alarmed," then we can see in this the behaviour more familiar in, say, the European rabbit, and we may suspect that the foot-tapping may serve to put other shrews in the neighbourhood on the alert. Another habit, this time recalling that of small rodents, and especially of our

snakes. As for elephant shrews, docile towards their human captors, they do not shrink from cannibalism if too closely crowded in a small cage. Such a form of fratricide may indeed occur in the natural state, even although it has not been set on record.

SOME PROJECTS PLANNED AND COMPLETED; AND A REFINERY FIRE.



THE PROPOSED NEW IDLEWILD INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT IN NEW YORK: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE PASSENGER TERMINAL AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN BUILT.

A plan for making Idlewild International Airport in New York into the "most beautiful, efficient and functional" air transportation centre in the world has been made public by the Port of New York Authority. The \$60,000,000 project embodies ten separate station buildings and four parks



THE NEW IDLEWILD AIRPORT: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE INTERNATIONAL ARRIVAL BUILDING, SHOWING THE CONTROL TOWER.

to hold 6000 cars. The airport when completed will be able to handle 140 aircraft simultaneously, and more than 8,000,000 passengers a year. The new passenger accommodation will be superimposed on the existing buildings, which will be pulled down when the new ones are ready, early in 1957.



A NEW BRIDGE OVER THE LOIRE: THE SAINT MATHURIN BRIDGE, BELOW SAUMUR, BUILT ON THE PILES WHICH SUPPORTED THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE IT REPLACES. THE PREVIOUS BRIDGE, BUILT DURING THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST CENTURY, WAS BLOWN UP EARLY IN WORLD WAR II TO RETARD THE ADVANCE OF HITLER'S PANZER DIVISIONS.



NOW BEING TURNED INTO A BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE GARDEN: THE SITE OF THE AGORA, THE ANCIENT MARKET PLACE OF ATHENS, SHOWING THE TEMPLE OF HEPHAISTOS. After completing the excavation of the Agora site in Athens the American School is turning the site into a park which will enhance the value of the ruins discovered there. It is to be planted with plants known to have been there in antiquity as near as possible in their original locations.



THE BIG FIRE AT THE SHELL REFINERY, SHELL HAVEN, ESSEX: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SCENE, SHOWING THE TWO BURNT-OUT TANKS IN THE FOREGROUND.



THREE MEN WHOSE COURAGE PREVENTED THE FIRE AT THE SHELL REFINERY FROM SPREADING: (L. TO R.) MR. R. A. JACKSON; MR. T. BROOKBANK AND MR. H. DOBSON.

Mr. Thomas Brookbank, chief engineer of the Shell Oil Refinery, Shell Haven, saved the refinery from extensive damage when a fire broke out after an explosion early on February 23. Wearing an asbestos suit, and aided by two colleagues who sprayed him with water, Mr. Brookbank made his way through the flames to turn off a red-hot valve which stopped the fire from spreading. Mr. Brookbank, who is fifty-six, succeeded in moving the valve at the fourth attempt. He found some protection from the intense heat behind a small wall. Nine employees and seven firemen were slightly hurt.

STORM AND EXPLOSION IN GENOA HARBOUR.



THE FIRST STAGE OF A DISASTER IN GENOA HARBOUR: THE SWEDISH CARGO SHIP *NORDANLAND* (4000 TONS), SUNK BY STORM AND DRIVEN AGAINST THE QUAYSIDE.



THE *NORDANLAND*, BLAZING IN GENOA HARBOUR AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF HER CARGO OF CALCIUM CARBIDE. THE SHIP BURNED FOR ABOUT THREE DAYS.



AFTER THE WORST STORM IN MEMORY: GENOA HARBOUR WITH (LEFT) THE CAPSIZED U.S. TANKER, *CAMAS MEADOWS* (10,172 TONS); AND, RIGHT, THE SWEDISH *NORDANLAND*.

On February 19 the worst gale in memory did immense damage to and in Genoa Harbour. The outer sea wall gave way under the impact of the waves for a length of about 400 yards. Inside the harbour, big ships broke from their moorings, and despite the efforts of tugs, were tossed one against the other and against the harbour wall. An American tanker, the *Camas Meadows* (10,172 tons), was sunk and a Liberian tanker, *Atlantic Lord* (17,000 tons), was badly damaged. The Swedish vessel *Nordanland* (4000 tons) was badly damaged alongside a quay and there was an immediate threat of danger, since she was laden with calcium carbide. Water was pumped from her and tugs stood by to tow her away if possible; but on the morning of February 21 she sank, and on the evening of the same day the acetylene gas formed by the action of the water on her cargo of calcium carbide violently exploded. On February 23 she was still burning and was considered a total loss. The total damage to the harbour and ships was estimated at £17,000,000.

SNOW IN THE PENNINES AND CORNWALL.

The last week of February saw snow conditions at their worst, not only in Northern Scotland, but also in Devon and Cornwall, where it was said to be the worst spell since 1891; and in the whole Pennine Chain, from the Peak northwards. As regards traffic, the worst points were probably those between Scotch Corner and Brough, and, further south, between Manchester and Sheffield. On both these roads great strings of cars and lorries were trapped by the drifts, which in some places reached 30 ft. in depth, and had to be abandoned. At the 1500-ft. Snake Pass, between Manchester and Sheffield, Mr. John Vickers, with Mrs. Margaret Vaughan and her five-year-old son, had to abandon the van in which they were travelling, and set off for Glossop. They sought shelter behind a rock, and there Mr. Vickers died of exposure on February 24. Mrs. Vaughan and her son survived, but were taken to hospital when found by a search party. On February 24 also, Mrs. Annie Kaye, of Farnley Tyas, near Huddersfield, was found dead in a snowdrift a mile from her home.



TRAPPED IN SNOWDRIFTS ON THE MAIN MANCHESTER-SHEFFIELD ROAD: A LONG LINE OF CARS AND LORRIES PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AT WOODHEAD.



MRS. MARGARET VAUGHAN (THIRD FROM LEFT), WITH HER RESCUERS, COMING DOWN FROM SNAKE PASS. HER COMPANION, MR. VICKERS, DIED OF EXPOSURE, BUT HER SON SURVIVED.



AN UNUSUAL SIGHT FOR CORNWALL: A MILK LORRY TRAPPED IN DEEP SNOWDRIFTS IN A SUNK LANE BETWEEN HELSTON AND REDRUTH, WHERE CONDITIONS WERE THE WORST SINCE 1891.

WORLD EVENTS IN THE NEWS: FROM NEW YORK TO MOSCOW.



THE VIKING MEDAL, AWARDED BY THE WENNER-GREN FOUNDATION TO THE THREE OUTSTANDING ANTHROPOLOGISTS OF 1954, ALL OF WHOM ARE AMERICAN. The Viking Medal (above) for 1954 was awarded to three Americans, Dr. Robert Redfield (General Anthropology), Professor William Howells (Physical Anthropology) and Professor Duncan Strong (Archæology). The medals were presented on March 4 in New York. The Wenner-Gren Foundation donates large sums to anthropological research, particularly among the tribal people of Africa.



SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF ATHLETICS: RUSSIAN RESEARCH WORKERS ATTEMPT TO DISCOVER HOW MUCH ENERGY IS EXPENDED IN MAKING A POLE VAULT. V. M. Abalakov, a Soviet research worker, has designed a dynamo-graphical platform to determine the force of the efforts exerted in jumping. Our picture shows N. Goncharov, candidate of Sciences (Medicine), watching a jump. The tape with a recording of the launching effort is seen in the lower left-hand corner.



A NEW BRITISH SUBMARINE LAUNCHED AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: EXCALIBUR, AN EXPERIMENTAL VESSEL INCORPORATING NEW FEATURES, AND USING HYDROGEN-PEROXIDE FUEL. The second of Britain's experimental submarines to use hydrogen-peroxide fuel as a propellant was named on February 25 at the shipyard of Vickers-Armstrong Limited. Other features include the latest submarine escape arrangements—such as the one-man escape chamber. The new ship is called *Excalibur*.



A "SIDNEY STREET" BATTLE IN NEW YORK: POLICE AND SPECTATORS ON THE ROOF OF A TENEMENT IN EAST HARLEM DURING THE SIEGE BY POLICE OF A DESPERATE GUNMAN. On February 20, a desperate gunman named August Robles, wanted as principal suspect in a gang murder was besieged in a third-floor flat in East Harlem, New York, for ninety minutes by 125 police wearing bullet proof vests and using tear gas and machine-guns. When they closed in, Robles was found dead.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

COLOURED AND PLAIN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IN the middle of Priestley's London novel "Angel Pavement," we reach the party scene at 17, Chaucer Road, N.16: "'Come along, dad,' cried Mrs. Smeeth, pouring out the Rich Ruby Port for the ladies. 'Buck up. Join in the fun.' She had herself a rich ruby look, for what with eating and drinking and shouting and laughing and singing, her face was crimson and almost steaming."

The more I think of it, the more this resembles the new farce, "Sailor, Beware!" (Strand). The authors, Philip King and Falkland Cary, prefer to call it a comedy, and maybe—in the third act especially—it does move at too slow a measure for farce. Yet it has in it most of the jests, familiar to farce, that—at one time or another—have drawn laughter like a cork popped from a bottle. I shall find it hard to go on classifying it as comedy: always there will be

They seem to call, as Mrs. Smeeth did, "Buck up. Join in the fun!" One would not have been surprised if the action had stopped now and then, and someone—Henry Hornett, perhaps, or Albert Tufnell—had stepped forward to say, more or less in the tones of the late Syd Walker: "And what would you do now, chums?" Indeed, having thought—so I believed at the moment—of a better curtain for the second act, I spent most of the second interval pondering upon it: by that time a collaborator rather than a critic.

Peggy Mount, who looms over the play, now has her name up in lights outside the Strand Theatre: a pleasant salute to an actress, unknown to the West End, who had come from the Worthing Repertory Company. But one might describe the farce as the work of King, Cary, and Mount. I spoke just now of her jabberwock-eyes of flame, and she is abundantly a flame-thrower: the piece is, in effect, a battle between the jabberwock, its jaws that bite, its claws that catch, and the hero (with the "vorpel sword") who, at the Strand, is Albert Tufnell, A.B., acted with spirit by Richard Coleman.

I must explain that Miss Mount is the agreeably-named Emma Hornett who has for long dragooned her suffering family—domineered over it so much that the young sailor who is to be her son-in-law decides, on the morning of his wedding to Shirley Hornett, not to appear in church. He is, you must understand, an orphan. He has never known home life. If "home life" means anything like that in the Hornetts' nest, then the sooner he escapes the better. Sailor, beware! There is more than this: enough to say that Albert wins his fight not by killing the jabberwock, but by helping to show it what other people think (Mr. Henry Hornett and the local vicar join him).

The farce may be preposterous; in its broad, generous way it sweeps along the audience, and Miss Mount has just the swirling breadth required. Wildly unlike Mrs. Smeeth, she is, nevertheless, "crimson and almost steaming." She never relaxes (if she did it would be fatal). I feel that, at this second, many amateur dramatists are hopefully at work, sketching out farces in which Miss Mount is cast as a dragon-wife, hurtling mother-in-law. Still, she will be in

"Sailor, Beware!" for a long time, with Cyril Smith (husband), Richard Coleman (bridegroom), Sheila Shand Gibbs (bride), James Copeland (best man), Anthony Marlowe (vicar), and the rest of a cast that, cheerfully, hands around the Rich Ruby Port. I cannot bear to imagine what this may be like in



"THIS SIZZLING SHEPHERD'S PIE OF A PLAY": "SAILOR, BEWARE!" (STRAND), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY BY PHILIP KING AND FALKLAND CARY, IN WHICH THE VICAR, THE REV. OLIVER PUREFOY (ANTHONY MARLOWE), TRIES TO EFFECT A RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE BRIDE, SHIRLEY HORNETT (SHEILA SHAND GIBBS), AND THE GROOM, ALBERT TUFNELL, A.B. (RICHARD COLEMAN).

confusion in the mind, the memory of that night at the Strand, with its rich ruby look, a night when the stage was crimson and almost steaming. Mrs. Smeeth, dear soul, would have enjoyed the business immensely.

Most of the first-night audience did. For my part, I waited in dejection during the opening ten minutes or so. There was a dull set, "the living-room of the Hornetts' house in a small inland town." The stage clatter seemed to be tedious; business as usual. And then something happened. I have to be vague, because I cannot decide now whether it was a line or a movement, or—most probably—a look from the jabberwock-eyes of Mrs. Emma Hornett as acted by a new player, Peggy Mount. (New, that is, to the West End.) All I can say is that I laughed, an odd, rusty noise, lost (to my relief) in the general boom of merriment. I cannot agree that I was as unrestrained as a playgoer in front, who threw back his head every few seconds and whooped like a Sioux warrior; but, at least, the laugh had come.

It returned, again and again, at jests about which I had long felt firm-lipped and superior: jokes about henpecked husbands, tight shoes, sailors on shore, makeshift beds: practically everything, in fact—thrust into this sizzling shepherd's pie of a play as though its authors had said to each other: "We'll ram the lot in and see how they like it." Handled self-consciously, the farce might have been dire: our Rich Ruby would have been a wrathful glare. But Philip King and Falkland Cary have treated their task as efficient professionals, and in a manner curiously likeable.



"A WELL-MADE ANECDOTE THAT, IN PERFORMANCE, DOES HOLD US GUESSING, AND THAT BUTTRESSES OUR FAITH IN MR. KING'S ABILITY AS A TECHNICIAN": "SERIOUS CHARGE" (GARRICK), SHOWING PATRICK MCGOOGHAN AS HOWARD PHILLIPS, THE NEW VICAR OF BELLINGTON, AND VICTORIA HOPPER AS HESTER BYFIELD.

some shred-and-tatter revival ten years ahead; but at the moment it steams on, with Miss Mount thundering at the controls.

Matters were graver next evening, at the Garrick Theatre. Again Philip King's name was on the programme, now as the sole author of what (I can only guess) the management insisted on calling "an exciting play." The epithet is just, but why do managers take the risk? It need not put us off "Serious Charge," a drama Mr. King has built up carefully, even if I am unsure whether he felt any special compulsion to build it. Anyway, he makes us anxious to see justice done to his falsely-accused vicar: I regret only (though it may not be a Christian wish) that the boy who caused all the trouble was allowed to escape so lightly: there will be more trouble in the village yet.

For reasons developed later in the play, this youth—whose background should be urban, not rural—accuses the new vicar. The trumped-up serious charge is one of homosexuality; but Mr. King is not the dramatist to make cheap capital out of that. His play turns upon the boy's rout (I am surprised that anyone in the village trusted the arrogant little thug that Anthony Wager presents), and upon the vicar's momentary loss of faith: the cause is made clear in the theatre.

I do not say that these goings-on are usual in village life, or that the events of the third act are at all likely. But we should accept the piece as commendably unfussed, direct and dramatic; a well-made anecdote that, in performance, does hold us guessing, and that buttresses our faith in Mr. King's ability as a technician. Patrick McGoohan gets the vicar across without labouring—it would have been so easy to force it—and there are such accepted artists as Olga Lindo, Victoria Hopper and Frank Lawton to see us through. Mr. Lawton's part is balder than it might be: he fills it out. The evening is by no means a Rich Ruby. Rather, it is a very useful study in black-and-white, and we need not cavil at the word "exciting."



"THE FARCE MAY BE PREPOSTEROUS; IN ITS BROAD, GENEROUS WAY IT SWEEPS ALONG THE AUDIENCE, AND MISS MOUNT HAS JUST THE SWIRLING BREADTH REQUIRED": "SAILOR, BEWARE!" SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY IN WHICH THE HYSTERICAL BRIDE, AFTER BEING JILTED AT THE CHURCH, IS CONSOLED BY HER MOTHER (PEGGY MOUNT—LEFT) AND A NEIGHBOUR (MYRETTA MORVEN), WHO IS STANDING NEXT TO THE BRIDESMAID (JEAN BURGESS). IN THE FOREGROUND EDIE HORNETT (ANN WILTON) THROWS HERSELF INTO THE DRAMA, WHICH SHE IS THOROUGHLY ENJOYING.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SAILOR, BEWARE!" (Strand).—The sailor has to beware of his potential mother-in-law and of the possible woes of home life. Philip King and Falkland Cary have written a clamorous domestic comedy that one will think of as a farce. Certainly it gets in practically every tried joke known to man, but it contrives at the same time to keep us happy—if incredulous—and to present a new actress, Peggy Mount (from Worthing). We can say of her—as wife, mother, mother-in-law—"Let her roar again, let her roar again!" A fantastic night (February 16.)

"SERIOUS CHARGE" (Garrick).—Philip King once more: now as the author of an honestly theatrical drama: the new vicar *versus* the bad boy of the village whom everyone, strangely, seems to regard as a charmer. The piece, though it takes its time, does fix us. The fact that I have rarely felt more eager to hit a youth very hard says a lot for the emotions roused by the author, by Patrick McGoohan (falsely-accused vicar), Anthony Wager (the youth), Olga Lindo and Frank Lawton. (February 17.)

ANTONIO AND HIS BALLET COMPANY (Palace).—A night of Spanish dancing. (February 21.)

GERMANY RATIFIES THE PARIS AGREEMENTS,
AND OTHER TOPICAL NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS.



(ABOVE).
NAMED AFTER THE GREAT
MARCONI AND OPENED BY
HIS WIDOW ON FEBRUARY 26:
THE NEW MARCONI BRIDGE
OVER THE TIBER, MORE THAN
200 YARDS LONG, WHICH
LINKS THE TRASTEVERE DIS-
TRICT OF ROME WITH THE
EXHIBITION GROUNDS WHICH
MUSSOLINI BUILT JUST BE-
FORE THE WAR.



A NEW ZEALAND DOCKSIDE FIRE WHICH DESTROYED 5000 BALES OF WOOL: CROWDS
AT WELLINGTON WATCHING FIREMEN FIGHT THE BLAZE AT THE KING'S WHARF.
On February 16 a fire broke out in a wool store at King's Wharf, Wellington, New Zealand, and spread
rapidly. Despite the efforts of firemen, with nine fire engines, the flames gutted the building and destroyed
about £400,000 worth of wool, together with cheese and electric cranes valued at £40,000.

(RIGHT.) THE WEST GERMAN
VOTING ON THE SAAR AND
PARIS AGREEMENTS: A VIEW
OF THE BUNDESTAG IN BONN,
DURING THE EARLY STAGES
OF THE DEBATE, SHOWING
SOCIALIST DEPUTIES VOTING
ON A MOTION TO DELAY
ACTION ON THE TREATIES.



After a closely argued and
serious debate on the Paris and
Saar Agreements, which opened
on February 24, Dr. Adenauer
secured on February 27 sub-
stantial majorities on the second
and third readings of the four
Bills to approve both the agree-
ments. These Bills were on the
following points: the restoration
of German sovereignty (passed
324-151), stationing of Allied
troops in Germany (321-153),
rearmament and entry into
N.A.T.O. (314-157), and the
Saar Agreement (263-202). After
an interval, in which the Upper
House (Bundesrat) can consider
some aspects, the Bills can be
sent to the President for signature.



CLEANED AND REPAIRED, AND REVEALED AS A "HEAD OF HELLENIC BEAUTY":
THE WALBROOK MITHRAS HEAD, ADMIRER AS A "CITY SAVINGS EXHIBITION."
On February 25, at the opening of a Savings Campaign, the Lord Mayor, Sir Seymour Howard, seen here
with Lord Mackintosh (left), opened an exhibition of Savings in Action and Mithras Sculptures, sponsored
by *The Times*, at the Royal Exchange. The now-famous Mithras head was among the exhibits.



"FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS, PLEASE!": AN AIR SAFETY PRINCIPLE, APPLIED TO
ROAD SAFETY IN A NEW DEVICE RECENTLY DEVELOPED BY THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY.
As the majority of injuries to car passengers are caused by sudden stopping, this belt has much to recom-
mend it. The belt is looped loosely round the body, but when a sudden stop is made it slides up and prevents
the wearer from being thrown forward. A shoulder-strap model is being made for children.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

MAINLY LAUGHABLE.

By ALAN DENT.

IT was a happy thought in the directing of "Raising a Riot" to show us Kenneth More as a R.N. Lieut.-Commander driving his three children out of London into Sussex by way of Westminster Bridge. For the audience to a man and a woman immediately remembers that the last time it beheld that jolly,

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



KENNETH MORE AS TONY KENT IN THE NEW BRITISH COMEDY, "RAISING A RIOT" (BRITISH LION).

Mr. Alan Dent writes: "The choice for the past fortnight must surely be Kenneth More for making so many bricks out of so small a quantity of straw in the new British comedy, 'Raising a Riot.' He was the hero of two much richer comedies, 'Genevieve' and 'A Doctor in the House,' and he will prove in his next film, 'The Deep Blue Sea'—adapted from Terence Rattigan's fine play, in which he appeared with Peggy Ashcroft—that he can master an emotional rôle as well as a comic one."

square, weather-beaten countenance through a windscreen was at the tail-end of "Genevieve"—that gay comedy about a venerable motor-car which won, or nearly won, the race of crock-automobiles to Brighton and back. And here again on the self-same famous bridge, through the screen of a much newer and much more reliable car, is once again the dauntless, breezy, boisterous face of Mr. More. Dull would he be of soul who could pass by a sight so ludicrous in its mock-gravity!

The new comedy is no "Genevieve," though its inspired opening puts us in the mood to find it so. The Lieut.-Commander's wife has had to fly to Canada on account of illness in her own family. Will our hero, with his three young children, stay on in London (he is on leave after three years' overseas service) under the care of a dragonsome Auntie Maud? Or will he take his brood to his own father's newly-acquired but yet unvisited domicile in the heart of Sussex? Hardly any need to ask the children, who already have piled toys, perambulator, and pet dog into the back of father's motor-car.

The country-domicile turns out to be a beautiful but dilapidated windmill, and it need hardly be said that our big, bouncing boy of a hero and his three kids do everything with that windmill except throw their bonnets over it. Already in feckless command is Grampy, a taciturn old boy grumpily played by Ronald Squire—and Grampy is very little help at all in the cleaning, plumbing, warming, or general up-to-dating of such a place. He is too old and clumsy, just as the children are too young and irresponsible. It is all left to Mr. More.

His performance will enchant housewives and even make lonely bachelors smile, however ruefully. The windmill's kitchen is without scissors and is even short of cutlery. So we have the spectacle of this paterfamilias clipping a string of sausages with garden-shears. In a hundred poignant details he reminds us of all the uneasiness of amateur domesticity. So well we know that not quite adequate cracking of an egg against the side of the frying-pan, and the second slightly over-strenuous attempt which ends in the dismay of a broken yolk!

But Mr. More has even more to do in this film than set his windmill in order. He has to give us the illusion that the dialogue is witty (where it really is not so). He has to sustain the impression that the film has a story behind it (where it really has none at all). He has to be unflagging in bounce and comicality (even where the direction flags sadly). The one climax in "Raising a Riot" is a children's party which gets out of hand and develops into a battle with jellies and custards flying through the air. At its height our Lieut.-Commander receives a telegram recalling him to the Royal Navy. Never did sailor face the end of leave with less dismay or more relief.

In its peculiar way the latest thing from Hollywood, "Désirée," is not less laughable than "Raising a Riot." It is infinitely more professional, and cost—I should compute—a thousand times more. It is a highly sumptuous piece of nonsense about Napoleon (Marlon Brando) and of how all his life—from his first landing at Marseilles from Corsica right up to the Battle of Waterloo and beyond—he was haunted by the love of a Marseilles silk-mercier's daughter

called Désirée (Jean Simmons). Désirée is a spirited little thing. She is not without wit. Almost her first remark—though Miss Simmons "throws it away" rather badly—is addressed to her elder sister:—"I told Joseph how beautiful you were, how bright—it was only half a lie!" And shortly afterwards she says of young Napoleon:—"He is very handsome by daylight. I've still to find out whether he is handsome by moonlight."

Yes, there is something winning about little Désirée, even when she rushes up to Paris, to discover that Napoleon now has an Empress called Josephine (Merle Oberon), at whom our enraged nymph hurls a glass of champagne, glass and all. So winning, indeed, that the Empress forgives the poor child and sends her red



"IT IS A HIGHLY SUMPTUOUS PIECE OF NONSENSE ABOUT NAPOLEON AND OF HOW ALL HIS LIFE... HE WAS HAUNTED BY THE LOVE OF A MARSEILLES SILK-MERCER'S DAUGHTER": "DÉSIRÉE" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), A SCENE FROM THE FILM, SHOWING (L. TO R.) JOSEPHINE (MERLE OBERON); BERNADOTTE (MICHAEL RENNIE); NAPOLEON (MARLON BRANDO); DÉSIRÉE (JEAN SIMMONS); JOSEPH BONAPARTE (CAMERON MITCHELL) AND JULIE (ELIZABETH SELLARS).

This scene from "Désirée" (CinemaScope) shows an episode in Paris in which Désirée (Jean Simmons) accompanies her sister Julie (Elizabeth Sellars) and Joseph Bonaparte (Cameron Mitchell) to a dinner party given by Napoleon (Marlon Brando) and Josephine (Merle Oberon). In the background Napoleon can be seen introducing Désirée to Bernadotte (Michael Rennie). (London première at the Carlton, Haymarket, February 10.)



"THE ONE CLIMAX... IS A CHILDREN'S PARTY WHICH GETS OUT OF HAND AND DEVELOPS INTO A BATTLE WITH JELLIES AND CUSTARDS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR": "RAISING A RIOT," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH TONY KENT (KENNETH MORE) TRIES IN VAIN TO GET A LITTLE PARTY SPIRIT INTO THE GUESTS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE MEAL. (LONDON PREMIERE, FEBRUARY 24, AT THE PLAZA, LEICESTER SQUARE.)

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roses specially gathered in the gardens at Malmaison! For lack of her Napoleon, Désirée marries Marshal Bernadotte (Michael Rennie) and so becomes eventually the Crown Princess of Sweden. But Sweden is too cold for her, both in its weather and its Court formalities. So she storms Paris again—first, to attend the christening of Napoleon's son by his new Empress, Marie Louise, where she does not hurl so much as a christening mug at anybody; and second to receive a sword of state from Napoleon which symbolises his surrender to the Allies. Characteristically he tells her not to hold it "as if it were an umbrella."

The whole thing seems to me a peculiarly American and elaborate sort of lark, and it appears to me to be uncritical to dismiss it with scornful indignation. Some of my colleagues, too, seem to me to have been witty at the expense of truth in saying it is all about Napoleon and a young person he calls Daisy Ray. Mr. Brando, in fact, is extremely sedulous with his pronunciation of the French names. Every time he utters the name of his pursuer he gives it three equal vowels, and he comes a cropper only when he refers to his second wife as "Maree-Louise," and when he tells Désirée that a musical-box in his drawing-room once belonged to "Maree-Antoinette." He looks sombre and dignified and Napoleonic throughout, even when he is consigned to wear a tight-fitting white silk suit and dance a waltz in it with Désirée. He is a fine actor amusing himself at playing a travesty of the Man of Destiny. When the house rocked with laughter it was never at Napoleon Brando, but at the excessive behaviour of the ladies surrounding him on every side.

IBEX IN THE ALPS: A PROTECTED SPECIES WHICH
SUFFERED DURING THE RECENT COLD WEATHER.



PERFECTLY AT EASE ON NARROW LEDGES OF THE HIGH ROCKS: IBEX ON THE SHEER CLIFFS OF A PEAK OF THE GRAN PARADISO.



"SAILING" FROM ONE ROCK TO ANOTHER: AN IBEX, ONE OF THE CHAMPION CLIMBERS OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, MAKING A DARING LEAP.



COMPLETELY AT HOME ON GREAT HEIGHTS: AN IBEX MAKING A HALT AT A VANTAGE-POINT IN THE NATIONAL PARK OF THE GRAN PARADISO.



WARNING THE HERD OF THE APPROACH OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER: THE LEADING IBEX JUMPING OUT FROM BEHIND A ROCK IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

During the recent spell of bitter weather whole herds of ibex and chamois in Switzerland were threatened with starvation, and an Alpine flyer dropped hay over their haunts in the Diablerets region. The ibex, or Alpine wild goat (*Capra ibex*), which is one of the most agile of animals, was once common in the Alps but was threatened with destruction during the last century, when a herd found sanctuary within the reaches of the highest peaks in the National Park of the

Gran Paradiso, in the neighbourhood of Cogne, in Italy. To-day this herd, which is the largest surviving group of European ibex, numbers some 3000. Towards the end of last year a photographer followed in the wake of the Gran Paradiso herd for a day and took the photographs which appear on this page. The ibex, of which other races occur in Asia, the Caucasus and Nubia, is believed to have been reintroduced into Switzerland and Austria from the Gran Paradiso herd.

NEWS FROM ABROAD: "OPERATION TEAPOT", AND ITEMS FROM ITALY, HONG KONG, CANADA AND FRANCE.



ATTENDING HIS FIRST FORMAL CEREMONY SINCE HIS ILLNESS LAST DECEMBER: THE POPE AT A MEETING OF THE SACRED CONGREGATION OF RITES IN THE VATICAN.

The Pope, who is recovering from his illness, recently presided at a meeting of ten Cardinals and fifteen consultants of the Sacred Congregation of Rites at which the possible beatification of seven prelates was discussed. On February 13 the Pope was able to resume saying daily Mass in the chapel of his private apartment in the Vatican.



UNVEILING A MEMORIAL TO COMMONWEALTH VICTIMS OF THE PACIFIC WAR: THE GOVERNOR OF HONG KONG, SIR ALEXANDER GRANTHAM. A memorial to the officers and men of the Commonwealth land forces who died in the battle for Hong Kong, or later in prison camps, was unveiled on February 20 at Saiwan Bay Cemetery, Hong Kong, by the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham.



"OPERATION TEAPOT," THE FIRST ATOMIC TESTS OF 1955 IN AMERICA: THE SKY LIT UP BEFORE DAWN AFTER A "MEDIUM-SIZED DEVICE" HAD BEEN FIRED FROM YUCCA FLAT.

After delays, consequent on bad weather, on February 18 a "nuclear device" was dropped from a B-36 bomber over the Nevada Desert, and detonated with a sequence timer. From Las Vegas, 60 miles off, only a slight flash was seen, and later a cloud was observed rising. On February 22 an explosion of what



WATCHING THE NUCLEAR CLOUD FORM AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF A "NUCLEAR DEVICE" FROM A HIGH-FLYING BOMBER: SCIENTIFIC OBSERVERS AT THE NEVADA TEST SITE. Atomic Energy Commission officials called "a medium-sized device" from the top of a tower 300 ft. high, lit the sky over the Nevada Desert with an orange glow before dawn. The flash was seen at Los Angeles, 275 miles distant, and Sacramento, over 400 miles away to the north-west.



A TORONTO LANDMARK DESTROYED BY FIRE: THE 111-YEAR-OLD ANGLICAN CHURCH OF THE MARTYR AT THE HEIGHT OF THE BLAZE.

On February 13 a well-known Toronto building, the 111-year-old Anglican Church of the Martyr, was completely destroyed by fire. Firemen, using every kind of fire-fighting equipment, battled with the blaze for over eleven hours, but despite their efforts, the church was razed to the ground.



TO BE SOLD TO MEET THE COSTS OF THE DEFENCE OF GASTON DOMINICI, WHO WAS FOUND GUILTY OF THE MURDER OF SIR JACK DRUMMOND AND HIS FAMILY: THE FARM AT LURS. The farm at Lurs, La Grand' Terre, which was worked by the Dominici family, is to be sold to meet the defence costs (about £1500) of Gaston Dominici, who was found guilty in November last of the murder of Sir Jack and Lady Drummond and their daughter after a prolonged enquiry.

ROME, PARIS AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE:
CUNDALL LANDSCAPES NOW ON VIEW.



"EARLY MORNING, PARIS"; BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A., R.W.S.: A VIEW SHOWING THE SOUTH ASPECT OF NOTRE-DAME IN THE BACKGROUND. (20 by 30 ins.)



"BY THE SEINE"; BY CHARLES CUNDALL, R.A., R.W.S. STROLLERS ARE HUNTING FOR BARGAINS IN THE BOOK-BOXES ALONG THE PARAPET; AND THE SILHOUETTE OF NOTRE-DAME IS DISCERNIBLE, BEHIND TREES. (20 by 30 ins.)



"THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO," A VIEW IN ROME BY CHARLES CUNDALL. THE TWIN CHURCHES, SANTA MARIA IN MONTE SANTO AND SANTA MARIA DEI MIRACOLI, WERE BUILT FROM DESIGNS BY RAINALDI IN 1662 AND 1664. (23 by 40 ins.)



"THE PONT NEUF, PARIS": A PARTICULARLY FINE PAINTING IN MR. CUNDALL'S CURRENT EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S. (18 by 30 ins.)



"ICKFORD BRIDGE, BUCKS": A PAINTING OF A PEACEFUL SCENE IN RURAL ENGLAND WITH AN ANGLER IN THE MIDDLE DISTANCE. (18 by 24 ins.)

An exhibition of Recent Paintings by Charles Cundall, R.A., R.W.S., was due to open at Colnaghi's Old Bond Street Galleries on Tuesday, March 1, and will continue until March 19. Mr. Cundall was born in Lancashire in 1890 and spent some early years in the Philippine Islands and Australia. Before 1914 he worked for a time as a pottery designer at Pilkington's. He studied at the Royal College of Art, at the Slade School and in Paris. During World War I. he served with The Royal Fusiliers, and in World War II. was appointed an official war artist

to the Navy, and later to the R.A.F. He is represented by works in the Tate and other public galleries. He has travelled widely in Europe. The painting of the Piazza del Popolo, Rome, shows the twin churches of Santa Maria in Monte Santo and Santa Maria dei Miracoli, which stand in the Piazza on either side of the entrance to the Corso, the former in the angle formed with the Via del Babuino, and the latter in that formed with the Via di Ripetta. Santa Maria dei Miracoli was completed by Carlo Fontana to receive a miraculous image of Our Lady.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THERE are some subjects with a hopeful and dramatic air which prove a liability under the skin. War, for example—though war is not an acute instance. For though distinct from the main flow of life, it can be treated almost anyhow, and has been lived by most writers who take it up. Whereas Resistance, to the English novelist, is or partakes of hearsay. And of a specially restrictive kind: for it is more exceptional than war, a much narrower theme, and, worst of all, a theme that provokes reverence. Those who escaped the test tend to approach it in kid gloves. And when you add the literary view of it as a French province, and the familiar, literary cult of France—well, you have come a long way from reality.

"The Hidden River," by Storm Jameson (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), does not fight back at these conditions; it is a brilliant, in its way a text-book model of them. When once the story has got going, it is difficult to put down. Only, what was intended as an image of experience, a tragic conflict, has in effect the very different grip of a well-written, highly distinguished melodrama. Therefore it won't do to reveal what happens. The scene is a small, rustic manor on the Loire. Fighting was over long ago, but its envenomed aftermath—the long post-mortem on Resistance and "collaboration"—is still bitterly actual. In this house it will never stop; for Cousin Marie is the chatelaine, and lost her son. Someone betrayed him to the torturers, and for his sake she has remained a fanatic of retribution. In those old days, Jean Monnerie, like Robert, was a Resistance hero, his little brother had a printing-press, even their girl-cousin ran errands—but Uncle Daniel was a renegade. That is to say, he was a worldly, civilised old boy, and used to hobnob with a German general of the same stamp, whom he had always known. After the war he got five years for it.

Now, four years later, he is dying; and the authorities have set him free, just when the "English captain" is expected. Adam has been here once already—the other time by stealth; and he saw Robert on the fatal day. So Cousin Marie wants to question him, though she is indefatigably rude to him for turning up. Adam still hopes to trace the spy; while the sick man—although he meant never to speak of it—knows the whole story. Now, between one thing and another, it leaks out, starting a fearful problem. . . .

That is, if you can see it as a problem. Adam can't quite; he has had no experience of bosom-traitors. Besides, however Francophile, he is too English. Whereas these French are French indeed; their smiles are mocking and ironical *à tout propos*, their lives deep-rooted in the soil, their spirit gay, harsh and uncompromising. And, we are told, their vision clear. Jean has to scan even his dearest with "appraising judgment"; it is his burden "never to be dupe." So we are told . . . yet the whole story proves the opposite. In fact, it is a piece of theatre; it would be first-rate on the stage.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Valley," by Dorothy Charques (John Murray; 10s. 6d.), has once again a river, and a long-buried secret; but these are quite different in character. The Loire was exquisitely painted, but it didn't move; this river is alive, and in the story. And this time, if I gave away what happens, it would spoil nothing, and reveal almost nothing. That is the trouble about poetry, and the inner life.

Baldly, however, the narrator's marriage has gone stale. He is now forty-five, and he has never achieved anything. And Judith has never settled down. They are well-matched up to a point; but they are both perfectionists, and feel it is not good enough. Then a small legacy comes in; and Judith, who is the resolute, decided character, suggests a year apart—a kind of sabbatical year, in which they will have no contact whatever. She flies off like an uncaged bird; while he—partly by choice, partly chance—drifts to her girlhood country, on the edge of Warwickshire. He finds himself in the blue-green, enchanted river-world of Aynhoe, and rents the Mill cottage from Mrs. Paradine.

Here one is brought up short. Aynhoe is beautiful and real, and indescribable and magic. One can't try to evoke its changing days, its little group of villagers (who are not "rustic types"), or the Mill house—almost as much a fairy-tale as though it "stood on hen's legs"—where Mrs. Paradine, like an Edwardian Norn, has reared the lame and lovely schoolgirl who was found beside the water-lilies. This part ends wonderfully, in a river-flood. The next step is in violent contrast; it takes the hero to a lost isle of the Pacific—an isle of spirits and the dead, strange whistlings and immense fallen statues. And I don't feel that it comes off: not even in its proper light, as an adventure of the mind. With his return to Aynhoe, as before, inner and outer are in perfect tune.

"The Mango Season," by Kathryn Grondahl (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is a refined American first novel, in which the scene is Bangkok, and nearly everyone is in the Diplomatic Corps. Except for a few minor royalties—Oxford or Harvard educated to a man—and a stray Indian of the ruling class. I may just add, it has a heroine "like some incredibly lovely ghost"—"so terribly refined she looks more like a picture of a lady than a real woman." However, this is a first novel. And it has one great charm: the little animals. These are delightful in themselves, and one or two of them have parts to play. But the outstanding moment is young Cullen's anecdote of the "giant snail."

I don't want to be nasty about "Death Before Bedtime," by Edgar Box (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). This writer—one of the newcomers to fame—is indeed eminently gifted. He has struck oil in his narrator-sleuth—an up-and-coming young publicity man, not without moral discernment and platonic conscience, yet most refreshingly unheartbroken. His problems, too, are above par. Here, the unsavoury Senator Rhodes is going to stand for President, and Peter gets the job of boosting him. However, the intending President is blown up in his study by a new explosive, made in his home town. It is a true detective story, written extremely well; indeed, the one thing lacking is an inclination to go on with it. This I can only put down to the characters, who generally raise the reverse of interest.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHENEVER my secretary visits her ancestral home in the country, her seven-year-old nephew, who is mad on chess, follows her around with board and men, pestering her for a game. The reports of these games which filter through are shaking me—as they say across the water—"rather more than somewhat." In thirty years of chess, it is clear, I have utterly failed to realise the part that sheer personality can play.

Young John's chess is basically that of an Autolyca—a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. Anything left *en prise* is swept away with an efficiency amazing in one so young. This simple strategy has its limitations, however, and, after losing two games, John decided on a new move. "You must play without your queen" he decreed. "It took all my pieces that time!" This certainly made things harder but his young Aunt, who knew what defeat would mean, laboriously nursed one of her pawns through to the queening square and picked up a queen to replace it. "No, you can't do that!" John pointed out, "You are playing without a queen!"

The rule that you must move a piece if you touch it and that, once you have quitted a piece, the move must stand, applies strictly to John's opponents. John himself is exempt. He will move a piece to a bad square, run half-way to the door in search of toffee, see over his shoulder the mistake he has made and be back in a flash. "That won't do, will it?" he says smilingly. The errant piece is retrieved; replaced, perhaps on the square it came from, perhaps half-off that square, perhaps on another—and this is where the potentialities of the method blossom like a tropical flower. It was to intensive application of this technique that Aunt finally succumbed. A knight whose origins had been lost in a maze of interweaving retractions, suddenly annihilated all her remaining forces.

Within an hour the whole village knew that Aunt, who was supposed to spend all her working hours in an atmosphere of chess, had lost to a seven-year-old boy.

John now decided to teach Grandma. As the lessons consisted in telling her "Look, you can move that there!", there being a square where the piece moved could be, and was, promptly captured, he soon scored quite a string of victories. "Oh, Grandma," he exclaimed, "Haven't I made you look silly!" "It's you who are silly!" retorted Grandma, considerably nettled. "Why?" asked John, genuinely interested, for his youthful exuberance is tempered by a certain detachment. "Because you are supposed to have been teaching me chess for an hour, and I haven't learnt a thing!"

That "Hicks" and "Ze-dhé" are phonetically the French "X" and "Z," and that Tibet is possibly the one country where our chess is not played, indicated perhaps too subtly that this fantastic game, published in a French magazine as played between Hicks and Ze-dhé in Lhasa, was a spoof. It had been concocted up by two masters. One German anthologist reproduced it as a genuine brilliancy!

White	Black	White	Black
1. Kt-QB3	P-K4	9. Q-R5ch	K-Q2
2. Kt-B3	P-Q3	10. B×P	B-Kt2
3. P-Q4	Kt-QB3	11. B-Kt5ch	K-Q3
4. P-Q5	QKt-K2	12. B-K3	P-B5
5. P-K4	P-KB4	13. B×BP	P×B
6. B-KKt5	P-KR3	14. P-K5ch	K-B4
7. B-R4	P-KKt4	15. Kt-R4ch	K×B
8. Kt×KP!	P×Kt	16. Q-K2ch	K×Kt
This king is a Balshazzar, he is eating too much.			
17. Q-B4ch	K-R4	21. P-R5ch	K-Kt4
18. P-QKt4ch	K-R5	22. P-QB4ch	K-R3
19. Q-Kt3ch	K-Kt4	23. P-Kt5 mate.	
20. P-QR4ch	K-Kt3		

affectionate zeal of the great institutions where he has had his home, and which through plague and fire, civil war, revolution, and blitz have maintained their peculiarly British and wholly admirable character.

As a boy I remember what fun it was ringing the bells in our village church. There was the preliminary apprenticeship on handbells which progressed to the proud day when one was first allowed (albeit standing on a box) to ring a full-size bell. It was, therefore, with considerable personal interest that I read "Bells in England," by Tom Ingram (Muller; 18s.). This book will delight the expert and fascinate the general reader. Not the least charming is the list Mr. Ingram gives of names of peals. From Oxford there come peals with "strange intimidating names" such as "Adventure," "Camelion," "Medley," "Fortune," "Oxford Riddle or The Hermaphrodite" and "My Lad." Cambridge has a wider selection, with "My Honey," "Jack On Both Sides," "Cambridge Delight and Cambridge Delight Another Way," and "Blunderbuss." If this book does anything to arrest the decline of this ancient and delightful art, it will admirably have fulfilled its purpose.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AUTHOR WITHOUT A GRUDGE.

WHAT a pity that Mr. Hesketh Pearson could not have produced his "Walter Scott" (Methuen; 21s.) many, many years earlier! Generations of school-boys who, like the present reviewer, had Scott's novels and poems thrust down their throats at an early age, would have taken an entirely different view of one who, for them, came to be associated with all that was heaviest and most boring in nineteenth-century literature. Mr. Pearson has as a sub-title to his book: "His Life and Personality." Mr. Pearson is admirably qualified (as anyone who has read his other biographies will know) to give the reader a lively and living portrait of his central character. There can have been few great writers who have been possessed of so many personal virtues and so many attractive traits as Walter Scott. It is not surprising that one who was so modest and so loving should have been loved and respected by his contemporaries, from Byron, who thought of him as "that good man," and the Prince Regent to Tom Purdie, his shepherd and general factotum at Abbotsford. His life, from the time when he suffered all the disadvantages and unhappiness of a crippled childhood, through triumph and disaster (the latter overcome by monumental hard work), to his death at Abbotsford is a most edifying moral lesson. But the charm of Walter Scott lies in those qualities of kindness, modesty and thought for others which made him so endearing. "Life is too short for the indulgence of animosity," he once said, and this, though he had plenty of grounds for harbouring grudges (particularly, for example, for his publishers, who ruined him), remained the guiding rule of his life. He added to this a sound and sturdy patriotic Toryism, which was best expressed when he wrote of the hymn-writer Letitia Barbauld who, praising his work, thought to detect the decadence of Great Britain and the rise of the United States, "I detest croaking; if true, it is unpatriotic; and if false, worse. . . . I would, were it in my power, blow up the ruins of Melrose Abbey and burn all the nonsense rhymes I ever wrote if I thought either the one or the other could survive the honour or independence of my country. My only ambition is to be remembered, if remembered at all, as one who knew and valued national independence and would maintain it in the present struggle [the Napoleonic Wars] to the last man and the last guinea, though the last guinea were my own property and the last man my own son." His modesty was so great that he was always advancing the claims of inferior writers in preference to his own, and could write with genuine humility, *à propos* Robert Southey, whom he recommended for the Laureateship he had refused, that "envy of superior talents, I thank God, is unknown to my disposition." This is a delightful book which I put down with reluctance.

While travelling recently in West Africa, my journeyings were beguiled and my knowledge of Africa improved by "South and Central Africa," by Doré Ogrizek (McGraw-Hill; 30s.). This book, which is beautifully illustrated, is written from an angle with which the English reader is unfamiliar—that of the French traveller in Africa. There is, as a result, less emphasis on those parts of Africa which are coloured red on the map, but the provinces, for example, of French Equatorial Africa are more closely examined. The book is written engagingly and interestingly. There are many Europeans by no means hard of heart and not necessarily Afrikanders who stand with the present South African Government in its attitude towards the colour problems. There are others, no less genuine, who look with sympathy and hope to the success (at the moment a little questionable) of the Gold Coast experiment. M. Ogrizek is full of good sense and understanding in his approach to these problems, and perhaps he says the last word when he writes: "It can never be over-emphasised how much the whites stand to gain by really making friends with the black peoples." A pleasant book, and one which will provide food for thought for anyone who is interested in the problems of Africa.

To come nearer home, lovers of London, its traditions and great institutions, will find "The Middle Temple," by George Godwin (Staples; 17s. 6d.), very much to their taste. Mr. Godwin, who has for years lived in the Temple, has written a most readable account of the origins and history of the two great Inns of Court. Curiously, the first entry in the Middle Temple records bears the date 1501, and much of its early history is either a subject of conjecture or has had to be pieced together (by some excellent historical detective work) from other documents. The Temple's early records were destroyed by Wat Tyler's men in 1381, the hatred of the rebels for lawyers being such that, as Stow said: "They spared none whom they thought to be learned, especially if they found any to have pen and ink they pulled off his hood and all with one voice, crying 'Hale him out and cut off his head!'" This somewhat over-dramatic method of keeping lawyers in their place was accompanied by the complete destruction of all the documents to be found in the Inns of Court. Since the two Inns of Court took their modern form, their contribution to the history and the traditions of freedom in this island has been a notable one. Mr. Godwin writes with



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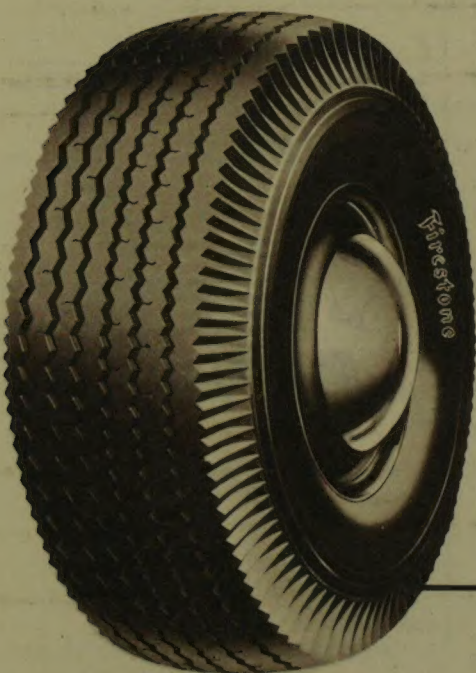
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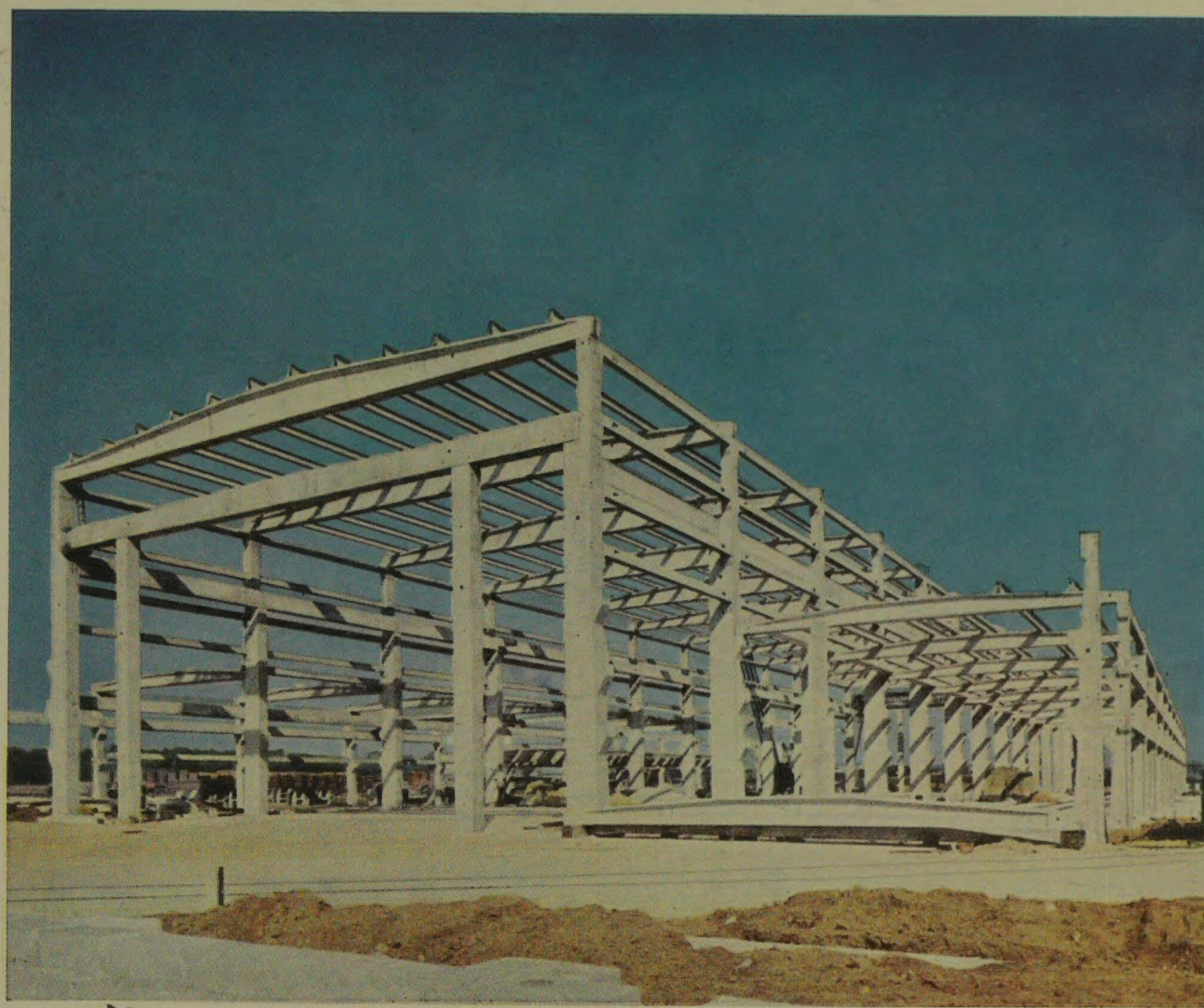


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